

THE MONTH  
A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



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## *The Pan-Anglican Congress.*

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### I. ITS GENERAL ASPECTS.

WHEN men come together in a crowd, from great distances, at considerable trouble and expense, to advance what they take to be the cause of God and His Christ, it would ill become that charity, which along with faith should characterize a Catholic, to speak scoffingly of their performances, however much those performances leave to be desired from a Catholic point of view. We have to be thankful for a little savour of the next world, in an age the besetting sin of which is the neglect of the next world altogether. Yet it must be confessed, the Pan-Anglican Congress savours very much of the present world, not too much of the world to come. As the *Times* of June 19th said, "it is the range of subjects which astonishes the ordinary man, . . . he begins to wonder whether all life is not somehow Anglican, . . . there seems to be little which the Anglican Communion considers to be outside of its purview." But in that purview the supernatural element,—grace, forgiveness of sin, dogma, Sacraments, and especially that Sacrament of Sacraments which gives its name to our Eucharistic Congress,—all this element, while not entirely excluded, is certainly far from conspicuous. To do the members of the Congress justice, many of them doubtless think more of these subjects than they care to say in public, for in an assembly so comprehensive every man is afraid of his neighbour.

Nor must we too impatiently cry with Hamlet, "words, words, words." A redundancy of words is inevitable in the free discussion of many speakers. One cannot but acknowledge the good humour and tact with which the discussions have been carried on, evidently in an assembly of gentlemen. The exclusion of heated political strife was admirable. Besides, we may fairly expect that the more practical side of the Congress will not be that which appears in the public prints. Many a plan has been proposed, many an understanding arrived

at, many an arrangement concluded by private negotiation. Old friends have met and agreed on common action, and new friendships have been made in the same cause.

One great lesson for us Catholics to learn from the Pan-Anglican is zeal for Foreign Missions. We boast of being an imperial people: the Pan-Anglican represents the *diffusus per orbem Britannus*: of its 250 assembled Bishops the great majority are from foreign and even outlandish places. Their presence has given to the discussions quite a cosmopolitan character. On the other hand, the fault apt to beset English and Irish Catholics is that of being too local and parochial. The Irish emigrant carries the faith with him, but the priest does not always follow the emigrant, and abroad the faith is often lost. Then there are the coloured races, and the myriads of Asiatics, all with souls: little enough do they hear from Great Britain of Catholic Christianity. We have the Society of Foreign Missions, the great foundation of Cardinal Vaughan, recently erected by the Holy Father into a Congregation: there are the English Jesuit Missions in South Africa and the West Indies: there is the labour of Irish Jesuit and English Benedictine in Australia: still the Catholic Church throughout the British Empire would be in sorry plight, sorrier than it actually is, had it to depend on these Islands for its support. To Foreign Missions may be added interest in the Social Question at home, a topic very much to the fore at the Congress. But on that second head we are distinctly making progress.

For Catholics the most interesting section of the Congress is Section F, the Anglican Communion. There is a note of negation in the very name. The Anglican Body is not in communion with Constantinople and other Eastern Churches, but it is not that negation that matters. No one is in much pain about that. Again, the Anglican Body is not in communion with the numerous Dissenting Bodies in this country and America, to say nothing of Protestant Germany. Overtures have been made: conciliatory messages have come to the Congress from Baptist and Methodist: but many fear, and the High Church party vehemently protest, that for the Anglican Church to travel that way would be to unchurch herself, and provoke a secession. Likely enough, however, she will travel that way, and the secession will come in time: then there may be question of some reunion, not of the Anglican Establishment as a whole (of that there never can be question), but of a fragment broken off

from the Establishment, seeking reunion with Rome. "Anglican Communion" carries one great negation: it is "Non-Roman Communion:" in sober truth it is Insularity, Isolation, and Schism. The remedy is given in Viscount Halifax's words, spoken at the Congress on the 18th of June: "Every loyal and intelligent member of the Anglican Communion should desire the renewal of communion with Rome." And, presiding in that Section, the Bishop of Gibraltar admitted: "Intercommunion with any Church but the Roman Church would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out." But that, he thought, was out of the question. The mind of the Congress was voiced by the Rev. Acland Troyte: "At this moment Rome was best left alone." At such a Congress in earlier ages, had the materials for such an Assembly existed, Rome would not have been left alone, would have been denounced in Apocalyptic language. The Congress has been singularly free from the taint of No Popery. The Protestant Press Association was not in evidence.

In such an assembly it was inevitable that Comprehensiveness should be preached.

There was room [said the Bishop of Durham, June 19th], within the Church of England for more than one human commentary upon the divine text record of the institution of the Eucharist. The text record was divine: every interpretation outside the words of Scripture was a human commentary: it might be of supreme importance and significance, but still not to be treated as if it were the original divine record.

Singular it must appear to a Catholic, that on a text of such "supreme importance and significance," the living guidance of the Holy Ghost in the Church should be able to furnish nothing better than "a human commentary." In an earlier meeting (June 16th), the Rev. W. Frere distinguished between Comprehension and Undenominationalism. "Undenominationalism was not comprehensive, but exclusive. Comprehensiveness meant the emphasizing of positives, not negatives. Comprehension meant the welcoming of extremes. Their message was to hold up the idea of unity in diversity." A message singularly well delivered, to be sure, but extremely perplexing to the hearer. It looks more like the professedly human teaching of a University than a message, purporting to be from God, delivered by a Church.

As might have been expected, in the struggle of contra-

dictory positives, *i.e.*, of positive contraries within the wide net of Comprehension spread at the Congress, some upholders of the most thorough-going rationalism insisted on their views being the fittest to survive. Thus a Doctor of Divinity in the University of Oxford took up his parable against "legalist religions," defining that "a legalist religion is one supposing a code of rules promulgated by a supernatural revelation and to be accepted simply on authority." Christianity, he said, was "a religion of the Spirit," which he explained to mean a religion in which "each generation was free to examine the truth for itself." It "appealed to the progressive conscience of mankind." We have lately been familiarized with this teaching under the name of Modernism. St. John, no Modernist, "saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down from heaven from God."<sup>1</sup> As the city, so is also the law of the city from God. Judaism was of God, but not final: God has spoken finally in His Son.<sup>2</sup> There is no progress beyond Christianity. Christianity is the law of God and the yoke of Christ, once and for ever binding, once and for ever imposed, or there is nothing distinctive about it. The praise of law in the 118th (119th) Psalm is enjoined to be read daily in the church by all in Sacred Orders. St. Paul gives it as the characteristic of Antichrist that he is to be "the lawless one."<sup>3</sup> As for "the Spirit," are there not also "lying spirits," one especially, who "hath not stood in the truth"? Are we not therefore directed to "prove the spirits," and prove them by their soundness on the doctrine of the Incarnation?<sup>4</sup> Then for Conscience, one who above other men extolled and magnified Conscience, one who left a great position for Conscience sake, has warned us of a counterfeit to Conscience, which is sheer and simple self-will. The way of the Spirit and of Conscience may not be so safe as it is represented. Anglicanism, anyhow, does not count it a way on which a man may well be let walk alone; or why all these Shepherds' Crooks lifted up, as the hymn has it,

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand?

If they bear no divine commission to feed the flock in the obedience of faith, the 250 prelates walking in procession on St. John's Day to St. Paul's should be given some other name

<sup>1</sup> Apoc. xxi. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Heb. i. 1, 2.

<sup>3</sup> ὁ ἀνομος 2 Thess. ii. 8.

<sup>4</sup> 1 St. John iv. 1, 2.

than that of Bishops. Considering what was said over it, one rather marvels at the easy optimism of the Bishop of Southwark, who said that day's subject (Christianity and other Religions, June 18th), might be called "the pivot of the whole work of the Congress." A rocking and unsteady pivot, surely. Still from one point of view the Chairman was right in describing the debate as "most helpful and instructive." It argues what Anglicanism will come to, when the High Church element in it has either evaporated or gone elsewhere.

To pass to uncontroversial subjects, and first that topic of common interest, "the recruiting for Holy Orders," some noble words were spoken by the Bishop of London (June 17th).

To be ordained and give oneself away for the service of God was the happiest thing in the world. Ordination was the one way of getting rid of the greatest curse a man had, and that was himself. The greatest honour a father or mother could have was to have a boy come and say, I want to be ordained.

A useful discussion followed on "discovering and liberating the vocations of the young," and on "alms to equip poor men for the ministry." A layman from Bathurst, Australia, said that "after a man had been in the ministry a few years he should be assured of at least £200 a year," a sentiment to evoke a warm response from every Clerical breast. Will ever a supplementary verse to the Acts be discovered, giving an exact return of the incomes of Paul and Barnabas at the end of the First Missionary Journey?

The debate on Secular Education (June 17th) was also in the main good. Dr. Neligan, Bishop of Auckland, said happily: "Religious education meant education given religiously." Canon Pughe of Brisbane: "If secular education were continued in the colony, they would be no longer clergy, but missionaries to the heathen." A blacker prospect still was opened out by a London head-mistress: "Given forty years of secular education all over the world, would it ever be possible to hold a Pan-Anglican Congress?" The Pope is rarely mentioned at the Congress, but the debate on Agnosticism and Pantheism (June 17th) was not improved by a Cambridge Professor saying: "It was a disaster that the Pope and his predecessor had definitely united what should be the living body of Christian theology with the corpse of Scholasticism." As though Scholasticism were not the one philosophy that is not panthe-

istic at core! "Corpse of Scholasticism" we believe was a quotation: we seem to have read the phrase elsewhere. On faith-healing, Bishop Mylne was in accordance with St. James: "Unction (of the sick) should be revived under a form prescribed by authority." And we gladly endorse one piece of advice given at the Albert Hall by His Grace of Canterbury: "Think out the faith and its application."

On Working Boys' Clubs (June 19th) remarks were made in which we should all concur. The Rev. O. G. Mackie (Leeds) said "no parish was well equipped unless it had some club for its rough working lads to keep them from the perils of the street and the attractions of the public house." Colonel Ford said that the boy "hit the right nail on the head who answered that the object of the brigade was to make him clean outside and in." Sister Kate Gallwey "affirmed the importance of the idea of God being brought into everything that the Church clubs did. She regarded as the greatest danger to the girl the penny novelette. If they made the girl a lover of good reading they did her a service which would last through her life."

On Capital, two remarkable speeches, one by Mr. Masterman, M.P., another by Canon Scott Holland, exposed the impersonal nature of modern capital. Capital belongs to companies, where the individual shareholder scarcely knows, still less can control its disposal, while managers and directors are overborne by pecuniary considerations, pressed upon them by shareholders. Capital has become "abstract, unhuman, cosmopolitan." "It had delocalized itself, and thereby dehumanized itself. It was everywhere and anywhere, and the only people who did not know where it was were the shareholders."

The domestic arrangements, to be seen in the Hand-book doubtless will be studied by those who are responsible for our Eucharistic Congress. The mere list of subjects is of importance to us as showing what people of a religious mind in England are thinking about, and what they look for from the Church. The most directly supernatural demand put forward by the Congress was a demand that men should be brought to "live the life of Christ," not in any mere distant imitation, but in intimate personal union with Him. If there was shown some tendency to disregard dogma, and insist on "life" only, the Catholic at any rate knows that supernatural life, being rational and not merely emotional, is founded upon dogma, charity upon faith. The Feasts that we have been



keeping this month of June,—Pentecost, Corpus Christi, the Sacred Heart,—tell us of Christ living in us, and of our incorporation in Him in the living Body of the Church. That after all is what England wants.

What one clergyman called "the splendid Socialism of this great Congress" has been animadverted upon in the daily Press. A great responsibility rests upon such an Assembly meeting to tell mankind, as the same clergyman said, that "Christianity was the religion of which Socialism was the practice." One would have thought that Christianity was the religion of the Kingdom of Heaven, while Socialism teaches man to lay hold of the things of earth. But the term "Socialism," like "Liberalism," is used in so many different senses that a wise man will not pronounce in favour of Socialism without a previous definition. If it had been placarded up and down the Albert Hall that by "Socialism" was understood "State Ownership of all Capital," the enthusiasm of the Congress on that head might have considerably cooled down. It is so easy to echo what happens for the hour to be a popular cry, with little thought of the meaning. On this, as on other points, many speakers at the Congress showed a tendency to yield to the sentiment: "Our dear Church must be popularized, she is getting out of favour with the nation." So Dissenters, Secularists, the Laity generally, Lady Deaconesses in particular, Working-men and Socialists, all must be courted, all bidden to hope good things of the Establishment. "Wage-earning must become a thing of the past," cried Canon Jephson. Surely, under Socialism, we should all be wage-earners: only the payer of our wages would be some communal body. But a body acts through individuals; and if the individual capitalist, as the Rev. A. J. Carlyle truly said, may be "capricious and stupid," so, alas, as we know to our sorrow, may the individual officials who represent public bodies. This point was well urged by the Rev. Lord William Cecil.

Before we had society controlling the means of production and distribution, we must have a new society. If it were possible to have a society sinless and absolutely wise, the more power given to it the better. But supposing the Government were liable to acts of tyranny, injustice, and unpolicy? No speaker had ever suggested any method of getting rid of a bureaucracy. Think of the treatment given to the poor in the casual ward. Was a power that deliberately treated the poor like that to be trusted with more power? If greater force were to

be given to organized power, then selfish men would soon control that organized power; and Socialists would soon bemoan the fact that they had called up this great power which acted in the direction exactly contrary to that which was expected.

Hereupon a reverend gentleman airily remarked: "The fallacy of Lord William was his assumption that it was possible to give greater power to Government. Government was already supreme." Supreme in jurisdiction, yes: in ownership, no. Socialism proposes precisely to "give greater power to Government" by making that which is already supreme in civil authority supreme also in proprietary right. Has the Vicar of St. Mark's, Leicester, ever read in his Seneca: *Omnia Caesar possidet imperio, singuli dominio*—"All things are Cæsar's to govern, but they remain in the ownership of private individuals"?

On the Criticism of the Bible "widely divergent views were expressed." So the *Times* reports, and so the speakers themselves evidently thought. In the printed reports however the divergence does not appear so very wide. Reverence for the Word of God seems generally to have prevailed, that reverence which is the first requisite for any profitable Biblical study. The term "Criticism," we may observe, does not savour of reverence. There may be criticism of dubious or conflicting readings, criticism of collateral historical detail, but, for a Catholic, no criticism of the main burden of the Divine Message, once that becomes manifest. And so several speakers at the Congress evidently considered.

The discussions on a Central Authority for Anglicanism culminated in the recommendation of a Central Advisory Board,—not very practical, we fear. Canon Newbolt thought that

the lesson of history would teach them that a central authority was not the best form of government for the whole Church or for large portions of its whole, . . . but that by no means ruled out of court the formation of a consultative body, whose learning should be above suspicion and its impartiality beyond question: such a body must be strictly advisory.

Bishop Montgomery said, "it was impossible to look forward to an Anglican Pope." Would Crown and Parliament permit one?



All's well that ends well. Much was said on the last day of the Conference that we can record with pleasure.

Among the obstacles in the Church to the reception of the Holy Spirit the Bishop of Durham suggested the shallow and withering quest for popularity for its own sake, and the fatal introduction in her work of worldly methods for promoting the cause of Christ. Was it not widely known and widely mourned, this compromise with methods of the world, in the sense of the human life that ignored and did not submit to God? Things had come to a sad pass here and there, till it was believed that the whist-drive and the fancy-ball, perhaps with a clergyman in it, could be legitimate items in the parochial life. . . . There was in many a life, in many a Church circle, . . . nothing that more needed to be seen to than the giving up of tolerated and decent sinning without delay and without mercy. . . . Let them determine, person by person, that they would not live below their true level nor at their second-best.

The Bishop of Salisbury, speaking of Personal Consecration, said :

It involved, first, separation from evil ; secondly, determination to work for God ; thirdly, self-sacrifice. To many an Englishman the early conditions of life were almost ideal : he was kept very separate from evil. But parents needed to work much harder than they generally did. . . . They should teach their children themselves the elements of prayer, confession of sin, supplication, intercession, thanksgiving. Let them pray first at their knees, then by their sides, be strict themselves, and be strict with them (for laxity of discipline was no kindness) as to family prayers and church-going. They should plan to spend their Sundays with them, and make them days of religious enjoyment, not paltry amusement : let them into the secret of their best thoughts, and be in their presence their best selves. There was a great call for men and women who would consecrate themselves absolutely ; yet he would remind them that the Christian statesman and social reformer, the Christian warrior, the Christian scholar, poet, and thinker, the Christian lawyer, or physician, or man of science, the Christian banker, merchant, manufacturer and trader had also professions of which no man could measure the sanctifying power.

Would that every Catholic parent, every young man entering on life, would take to heart these words.

On prayer, one gladly subscribes to positions like these, laid down by various speakers : "The real truth was that they needed prayer, strong, vigorous, continuous, united and intelligent prayer" : "theological colleges needed to be more schools

of prayer, churches needed to be more schools of prayer, and the clergy needed much more to be pupil teachers in the school of prayer: people were losing their capacity for public united prayer: praying people were very rare" [outside of the Catholic Church].

Why [Canon Newbolt asked] was the Church in all its activities making itself so little felt? Why did sin keep such a terribly high level of flood-tide? Prayer was the greatest power in the world, and yet we were face to face with evils which seemed to defy it. No, the mountain did not move, the tree was not plucked up by its roots. Why was it? He suggested that it was because, while there were great organizers, great preachers, great missionaries, there were no great prayers, who, if they knew it, wielded the greatest power in the world.

There is but one Church on earth, the Visible Church of which the Pope is the Head. There are some,—many, we hope, of the thousands who attended the Anglican Congress,—connected with the Visible Church by ties of Baptism, of faith (however imperfect) and divine charity, otherwise called "the state of grace," and not cut off from it by wilful adherence to what they know, or are responsible for not knowing, to be heresy and schism. But these are an individual here and an individual there: they do not make a Church, for a Church is essentially an organized body, and the organization of the Establishment, as such, is positively anti-Catholic. These men,—and God alone knows them one by one, and how many they are,—are, though they know it not, out of their right place in the *wild olive*: they are invisibly and unconsciously *grafted contrary to nature in the good olive, and share the fatness of the root*:<sup>1</sup> they benefit by the Masses, Holy Communions, and intercessions that are offered up in the Catholic Church. We must pray God to draw them out of their unnatural position, as many of them as He will. Some in His adorable counsels He will leave as they are: possibly, greater light than is given them would be not their resurrection, but their ruin, as they would lack the courage to follow it. Meanwhile we welcome and hail with delight every bit of genuine Christianity that the Pan-Anglican Congress has brought out. Some specimens we have given, and might have added many more. Of course there were discordant notes; and many weaknesses were manifest, inherent in the system of Anglicanism. We deplore the hereditary

<sup>1</sup> Rom. xi. 17—24.

schism, that separates so many excellent men from visible communion with the one visible Church. We willingly respond to the invitation to united prayer. We should wish to regard it as a gauntlet thrown down, and left on the floor behind by the Pan-Anglican for our Eucharistic Congress to take up. The more prayer, the nearer to God, and the nearer to the Catholic Church. God grant to the Anglican Bishops, Clergy, and Laity assembled at the Congress, to some of them at least and to the children of some of them,—to adopt a noble line of Aeschylus,—

*ἐς δῶμα' ἀελπτον ὡς ἂν ἡγήται—εὐχή,*

that prayer may lead them to a home they little thought to see, the home of the Roman Obedience.

J. R.

## II. REUNION PROSPECTS.

MANY interesting questions were ventilated at the Pan-Anglican Congress, on some of which something has been said in the preceding article. But on one of them we should like to dwell a little more at length. It is the old, old question of Reunion which forced itself on the attention of the Congress, and entered into their discussions in many ways. How could it have been otherwise? From all parts of the world they had come together, and in zeal for the service of their Master, and the desire to extend His Kingdom, they found themselves to be of one heart and one soul. It was an inspiring consciousness, but it could not but evoke thoughts of sadness as well as of joy. So many united together to this degree, and yet so many more throughout the world akin to them in the participation of this zeal and desire, but separated from them in communion, and because of their separation feeling constrained to set up rival churches and altars in every part of the world! Even in the ranks of these assembled Anglicans themselves, divisions and oppositions of belief so marked and so radical as to prevent them from delivering as from the lips of the Master a one-voiced message! And the ultimate outcome of it all in the scandal that has fastened like a parasite on the fair name of Christian, and caused men to say in mockery that evangelists who could not agree among themselves should surely not attempt to make disciples of others! If it could only be

otherwise; if only these hateful divisions could disappear for ever, and the entire mass of those who go forth as apostles of Christ could go forth all one, as the Master had prayed that they might be and intended that they should be, one in belief and one in worship and communion, and by this spectacle of an all-pervading unity, displaying to the world a signal proof that He Himself had sent them, that their doctrines were His teachings, and their worship and sacraments were His institutions! What might not be anticipated if such a restoration of unity were accomplished? What a mighty accession of spiritual force would then be available for the healing of the nations! What hindrances removed, what sources of scepticism dried up, what perplexities for unsophisticated souls dispelled, what discords reconciled, what waste of splendid energies saved!

It is perhaps hardly necessary to show by quotations how these points were presented to the Congress, but the following are of interest.

Christendom [writes Mr. H. Leverett Chase, a layman of the Anglican diocese of Missouri,<sup>1</sup>] presents the sad spectacle of a household divided against itself. Aside from problems extant elsewhere, the Anglican communion co-exists to-day throughout the English-speaking world side by side with earnest devoted Christian believers who are descendants of those who abandoned her fold, at one time or another, for this cause or that sufficient unto themselves. On the one hand is a large group of Papists with whom at present we are not concerned, but on the other stand good men and true, men of our very bone and sinew who exult in a freedom from the alleged "formalism" of the Church, who yet are ready, with us, to oppose the world, the flesh, and the devil. . . . Have we not all sighed at the confused misunderstandings of His grace that keep us pitched in rival camps, spending much of our strength in vain and acrimonious controversy, when before us all lie the serried ranks of the philistine world led by the full panoplied Goliaths of sin, of indifference, and of contempt of His word and commandment.

Mr. Leverett Chase was speaking of the conditions as they exist in America, where "numerically we Anglicans are a feeble folk, mere conies among the rocks." In England they are the most numerous of the religious bodies, and the most influential, yet we know that his words are as applicable here, and represent the feelings which sadden and oppress devout minds, as they contemplate the fearful loss to religion which all this

<sup>1</sup> *Pan-Anglican Papers*, Sect. F. ii. (c.)

multiplication of sects occasions. Would there, for instance, be any danger such as at present threatens the faith and the purity of so many Christian children, if all Christians could only be brought to believe alike?

And that in missionary countries the evil is even more serious in its effects is witnessed in another Pan-Anglican paper, by the Rev. A. N. Banergii, examining chaplain to the Bishop of Calcutta.

There is very special need of Christian unity in India. In the presence of its three hundred millions, only one per cent. of which is Christian to-day, the Church can ill afford the waste of energy and money necessarily caused by our unhappy divisions. But this is only a small part of the evil; in spite of the idea that non-Christians are accustomed to divisions in their own religions, Hindu, Mahomedan or otherwise, there is no doubt that the divisions of Christendom are a stumbling-block in the way of many. A religion which claims to be the one true universal religion, and which on that score demands the allegiance of all men, must demonstrate its superiority to other religions in every way; our unhappy divisions prove that in one important respect we cannot claim superiority.

India is a land of divisions and separations, caused by manifold diversities of race, language, religious beliefs, social customs, &c. In India peculiar rigid customs like caste and the seclusion of women impose insuperable barriers to social intercourse. We believe that in the Christian Church alone lies the force which is capable of removing these manifold separations, but such a force can hardly be put forth in its real vigour by a divided Church. India furnishes to-day the sad picture of a wide gulf separating the British dominant classes from the people of the country, and in her Christian community there are strongly marked divisions—the Europeans, the domiciled classes, and the children of the soil. In India, therefore, if anywhere, the Christian Church is called upon to exhibit that unity for which her Saviour prayed—such a unity as may portray and reflect on earth the perfect and absolute Oneness of the Godhead.

The infant community of Indian Christians eloquently appeals by its very feebleness for unity. The acceptance of the Faith has cut them off entirely from their kith and kin, and the true fellowship and brotherhood of the Catholic Church alone can compensate for this loss. Practically, however, they find that they belong to different bodies, which have little or no intercommunion, and that owing to differences in the Church they are precluded from joining in the highest act of Christian worship and communion with large numbers of their fellow-Christians and countrymen. Such separation, entirely due to the fact of their being brought into the fold by missionaries

belonging to different bodies, makes them feel all the more helpless and tends to create apathy and diffidence.

The small Indian Christian community finds itself separated into several distinct organizations, maintained, controlled, and worked by their foreign spiritual parents—the Missionary Societies of Europe, America, and Australia. These Societies cannot but propagate their distinctive and in some matters mutually contrary views, and their adherents naturally imbibe these views. No small proportion of the educated Indian Christians are in the employ of these Missionary Societies, and they are in duty bound to advocate their distinctive views. Indian Christians are necessarily poor, as the converts have been mainly drawn from the poorest classes, and well-to-do persons have had, on accepting the Faith, to give up everything. This poverty is a frequent source of weakness. In their feebleness and helplessness, we repeat, the infant Indian Christian community appeals for unity, as no greater misfortune could happen to it, since it would altogether cramp its development and growth, than the stereotyping and naturalizing of divisions which in many particulars do not appeal to them, though under the circumstances, they are obliged not only to tolerate but at times to try and justify them.

It is thus that the Indian mind is affected by the spectacle of these theological divisions, and we may be sure that similar perplexities are caused in China when we learn from Archdeacon Arthur Moule, of Mid-China, that "besides the missions of the Roman Church in all parts of China, and of the Greek Church in Peking, there are outside the Anglican Communion, representatives in China of more than eighty 'other Christian bodies.'"

Such being the lamentable results of religious division, the Congress might have been expected to assign a foremost place to a discussion of the remedies. It can hardly be said to have done that, but at least a section was set apart for the consideration of "the Anglican Communion in its relation to other bodies." In this section the following points were considered. "(1) Steps towards and obstacles to intercommunion with other ancient Churches on their side and on ours: (2) What more could be done? What are the dangers to be avoided: (3) How far is it possible and wise to open negotiations with particular Churches? (4) What are the necessary conditions for intercommunion in the case of individuals and in the case of Churches?" These are points which fairly cover the ground, and the last was particularly practical. Still it cannot, unfortunately, be said that the discussions threw any fresh light on an old subject, or raised



hopes of any solid results to follow. There was a disposition to lay down certain conditions as indispensable, yet which in the estimation of other Churches might be felt to foreclose the negotiations before they were started. "If the various Churches were to become one it must be on an English, not on a foreign or Roman basis." So said the Dean of Canterbury, and on that point at all events most were in agreement. But what was the English basis? Evidently that of Nationalism to which frequent references were made, the principle, namely that the Churches of the different nations must be allowed to hold themselves governmentally independent, but that in their creed and worship they must remain faithful to the essentials as our Lord had prescribed them. But what were these essentials? In the abstract almost all Churches would agree to this second stipulation, but in the concrete not only was this a question on which the greatest diversities of opinion prevailed, but it was just to these diversities of opinion, and the tenacity with which men adhered to them, that the breaches of communion throughout Christendom were all due. That however was a question on which the members of the Congress were not agreed, though all appeared to assume that the Anglican Church had in this respect hit the happy mean, and by so doing had acquired for itself a peculiar power of adaptability to the needs and temperaments of the different races and classes to be reunited. She was thus marked out by her constitution and her position in the world as the destined intermediary by whose efforts the scattered fragments would eventually be brought together.

Of course on these principles Reunion with the great Church in communion with the See of Rome was out of the question altogether, and they admitted it. Lord Halifax, indeed, protested against such an admission, and gave fervent expression to the hopes which we have learnt to associate with his name.

Every loyal member of the Congress [he said] should desire the renewal of communion with Rome. All must surely desire to hasten the day when, as members of one Church, they would be again united in the external bonds of one spiritual union. In insisting on the rights of the English Episcopate, had they done justice to the Apostolic See? They had need to face these and other questions, and to ask themselves why the principle of authority in spiritual matters had come to be so largely ignored in England.

But the general feeling was in accord with Canon Mason, who, in his preparatory paper, said :

At this moment Rome is better left alone. It is impossible for any one who recognizes the place of the Roman Church in the history of Christendom not to desire, however distantly, to see Rome so changed as to admit of the reconciliation of other Churches with her. She cannot be put out of the reckoning when there is talk of union. Christian statesmen will always have an eye to Rome, whatever schemes they have in hand. But union with her is not our first business. Many movements within her communion have our sympathetic interest. It is always possible for individuals among us to enter into relations with foreign Roman Catholics, to seek to dispel ignorance with regard to our own aims and principles, to do many things which may help, in God's providence, towards a *rapprochement* by and by ; but there would be nothing to gain by making overtures in present circumstances to the See of Rome. Influences prevail there which seem more adverse to bold and comprehensive views than for some time past. We can only bide our time.

Yes, on these principles Rome must certainly be let alone, both for the present and for all time. And yet we can well understand them feeling that she cannot be left out of the reckoning. In China, said the Bishop of Shanghai, in the Congress itself, "out of something more than a million Christians, some 900,000 were Roman Catholic. There were about 180,000 of all other Christian bodies, and out of that number only some 25,000 belonged to the Anglican communion." And in India, too, Rome has "the largest number of adherents," and Anglicanism "only a ninth part of the whole." Two striking facts which certainly do not support the theory that England's comprehensiveness rather than Rome's rigidity conveys the unique power to attract men of different races.

But if Rome was to be let alone for the present, to whom could they turn? Some thought that the prospect of future intercommunion with the ancient Churches of the East was more hopeful, but Archdeacon Dowling's preparatory paper, in which he brings together certain recent interchanges of mutual courtesy between Anglican clergy and Greek prelates, will strike most readers as showing, not on how solid, but on how slight a basis, this hope is founded. Nor was much stress laid on this aspect of the case. It was to the prospects or possibilities of Reunion between their own Church and the Nonconformist sects which had left it, and were in conflict with it at so many



points, that the eyes of the Congress were mainly directed. Why could not these be gathered back into the fold from which they had strayed? Were there not things now happening around them that worked in the direction of such a reconciliation? The spirit of Reunion was abroad in their ranks just as in those of the Anglicans themselves, and they were translating desire into action by schemes of co-operation and intercommunion among themselves. The union of the Free Church and the United Presbyterians in Scotland, and of the Free Church Council in England, were examples of this; and in America, too, "there is beginning to be noticed a *rapprochement* between the several dissenting or 'free' Churches." If they could thus reunite among themselves, could they not with the Mother Church from which they had broken off? It is true, this *rapprochement* did not commend itself to the judgment of Mr. Leverett Chase, who observed that it was the outcome of a "gradual levelling down . . . of those distinctive tenets, which were jealously held originally as such portions of the Catholic Faith which it seemed good to their respective founders to over-accentuate, and develop, and make known by sect-shibboleths." "It is from the commingling vapours of this new fraternalism," he remarked, "that the 'new theology' is born, and triumphantly shown to an applauding demos as the heir of the ages." Still, the only basis on which the Congress seemed to contemplate Reunion—the "English basis," as contradistinguished from the "Roman" basis—was precisely a basis of levelling down to the bare essentials of an orthodox faith, and the Anglican Church was not very exacting in her assignment of these essentials. Perhaps the following passage from the Dean of Westminster's impressive sermon at the Abbey on July 5 may be taken as stating what would be acceptable, not indeed to the extreme wing of the High Church party, but to the majority of those who formed the Congress:

We cannot abandon what we have hitherto declared to be the four essentials of our whole position—the Holy Scriptures, the two great Creeds, the two great Sacraments, and the historic Episcopate. But we can and ought to recognize that when the first three are found, and when there is also an ordered ministry guarded by the solemn imposition of hands—then our differences are not so much matters of faith as matters of discipline, and ought with humility and patience to be capable of adjustment. A fuller recognition on the one side of a charismatic ministry which God has plainly owned and blessed; a fuller

recognition on the other side of the permanent value of an Episcopate which has long ceased to be a prelacy; a readiness on both sides to arrive at some temporary agreement which might ultimately issue in a common ministry, regular in the historic sense, though admitting the possibility of separate organizations and exempt jurisdictions—granted such recognition and such readiness, and what prospect of reconciliation at no distant future opens before us.

These are conditions which one might have thought would attract those to whom they are offered, and probably would were it that they attached importance only to creeds and methods, and no considerations concerning that important but undefinable element, the spirit of a corporate body, entered in. We must of course wait to see whether any dissentient bodies respond to the invitation, which after all has not yet been formally given. Still, we may doubt whether there will be much response, nor did the Congress express itself on the whole as very hopeful of any.

On the other hand, mention was made in one at least of the papers of a movement which, whether it should be considered accordant with or antagonistic to the "English basis" of National Churches, must be occasioning much anxiety to the Anglican missionary agencies. Mr. Banergii, in the paper from which we have already quoted, refers to it in the following terms :

The actual desire for unity on the part of Indian Christians has . . . given an impetus to an idea closely associated with unity, viz. that of a National Church. Certain practical steps towards the realization of such an idea are now being taken which must arrest the attention of all who look for a united Church of India. The "national impulse" which characterizes the India of to-day cannot but have affected the minds and hearts of Christian Indians . . . The Indian Christian Associations in all the Provinces are doing a good work, and their work, as well as such work as is connected with Young Men's Christian Associations, have brought together Indian Christians of different Church views and taught them the practical lesson that in union lies strength. All this has helped to foster the desire for Church unity. Signs are not wanting of a tendency to break away from missionary tutelage, and indigenous efforts are being made here and there to do evangelistic and other work. In Tinnevely a small society has been formed for work in the Telugu country. A wider movement on the undenominational basis was inaugurated last year under the name of the National Missionary Society. This venture has enlisted the sympathy of Indian Christians of various connexions and has further fostered the desire for a United and a National Church.

From what has already been said it will be easily understood that Christian Indians seem to be in quest of terms on which they may unite, and there is considerable danger lest they take some steps which in the long run may weaken rather than strengthen the cause of *true* Church unity. The remark has often been made by persons who are competent to form such a judgment that, should Missionary Societies withdraw their control, the Indian Christians connected with them would soon coalesce and discover a *modus vivendi et operandi*. There is good reason for thinking that such a united body would be found to be lacking in some of the elements which have in the purest ages of the Church been regarded as being of the highest value. There is a real danger that in the strong desire for union and co-operation, and in the rough and ready method of combining on the basis of giving up the distinctive features which separate one body from another, Indian Christians may arrive at a unity which is superficial and hollow—a unity, which though conceivably uniting a large body of them at present, is based on terms which may cut them off from all chance of union with the great historical communions of Christendom.

Some members of the Congress, realizing the barrenness of their present outlook, sought comfort rather in the persuasion that Reunion must come some day, if only they persisted in desiring it and working for it, submitting themselves humbly and patiently to the leading of the Holy Spirit. And here we can agree with them, and, so far as they will permit, hold out to them the hand of fraternal sympathy. Yes, it does seem certain that, if any class of Christians sincerely long for a restoration of unity, and pray for it and strive for it earnestly, our Lord, who prayed so earnestly that His followers might form "one fold under one shepherd," will sooner or later grant them their hearts' desire. And so, even if the recent Congress had been of no other use, at least it must be held to have done a valuable service in directing forcible attention to this all-important subject, and fostering desires which may be trusted to grow and fructify.

But may we, in no carping spirit but solely and sincerely with the wish to contribute to so grand an enterprize, make just one suggestion? Though it is so good to desire and pray, desire and prayer must be seconded by the endeavour to think out the subject, and surely it is important to form some very definite conceptions of what is to be striven for. There are only three possibilities in this matter of Reunion. Either unity must be surrendered for the sake of truth, or truth must be surrendered for the sake of unity, or there must be unity

in truth—truth here meaning what the reuniting bodies hold to be the truth. Of these possibilities the first is that which at present prevails in the Anglican community. They have not so far forth seen their way to unite with any other communions, because it has appeared to them that they could not do it without some surrender of truth. The second is that which some of the Nonconformist bodies are reproached for adopting in some of their recent amalgamations, which have been practically achieved on what is called an undenominational basis; it is that also, we fear we must say, which prevails in the Anglican communion itself, so far forth as it tolerates in its members differences of belief so wide as those which divide Bishop Gore from Canon Hensley Henson, or Bishop Handley Moule from either of these. But few in the Congress would have accepted one or other of these two possibilities as satisfactory—still less as the realization of their aspirations after religious unity. They would have united in saying that the only unity which would fulfil their desires would be a unity in truth, a unity of communion in which all who knelt at the same altar and obeyed the same prelates, believed also in the same things, having the conscientious assurance that these, and these only, were taught by our Lord Jesus Christ. If once these seekers after unity could be brought to this definite conception, they would feel that the next step was to discover the method by which a unity of this kind was attainable. And here again three possibilities present themselves; or perhaps we had better begin by saying two possibilities, though it will be seen that the second for our purpose subdivides itself. The first is the method which Dr. Rashdall in his preparatory paper calls the "religion of the spirit," but which is more usually and simply called the religion of "private judgment." "By saying that Christianity is a religion of the spirit," he says, "I mean that it asserts that there is in the human mind a power of attaining to a knowledge of what is true in religion and ethics, and that it requires no individual to accept as coming from God that which does not commend itself to his own reason and conscience." He goes on to explain that he does not deny that authority has also its function in the teaching of religious truth, but he contends that this function is subject to the same limits in matters of religion as in matters of science or history, that is to say, it is educative and provisional, the final right of appeal to the individual judgment—or conscience, as he would call it—

being always preserved. The other possibility is the method of authority, which he would prefer to call the method of "legalistic religions." It is, he says with approximate correctness,

A form of religion which supposes a code of rules regulating belief, worship, and life to have been at some time or other promulgated by a supernatural revelation, and which those who profess the religion are expected to accept simply and solely on authority—simply because it has been revealed to another person or persons—without any exercise of their own reason or conscience, without any criticism of the matters revealed, simply upon the testimony that the revelation has actually taken place.

Now when we compare these two religious methods in the light of such experience as the course of centuries has furnished, it is surely demonstrated that the first of them is essentially a method of disintegration, having always engendered division and progressive division, whilst the other, in proportion as it has prevailed, has secured unity. Be it observed we are not so far claiming anything exclusive for the Church in communion with the Holy See. There are other Churches which have held to the principle of authority, at least to some degree greater or less—such as the schismatic Churches of the East, and even, in their earlier days, some of the "reformed" Churches of the West, which at first held to the idea of revelation, and prescribed articles of religion to which all their members were to adhere. In all these, in proportion as the principle of authority was retained, a corresponding degree of unity was preserved. And this from the nature of the case, because all who conform to authority follow one rule of believing and worshipping. On the other hand, the principle of private judgment, however much one may dignify it by calling it the religion of the spirit, is essentially individualistic, and, as we all know, *quot homines tot sententiae*. Does it not follow, then—even if we should feel constrained to hold that it is the only sound principle to go by—that, if we go by it, we must expect divisions, and must surrender all hopes of a future reunion of parts now divided? Does it not follow that it is a vain hope to check or reverse the disintegrating process on the basis of distinguishing essentials from non-essentials, because there will always be differences, and progressive differences, in deciding what are to be regarded as essentials?

On the other hand, does it not follow that, if we want unity we must be prepared to submit to authority? Here, however, comes in the subdivision of the second possibility to which reference has been made. No one of us would have found a difficulty in submitting to the teaching authority of our Lord Himself, had He thought fit to remain on earth as a living and visible teacher in our midst, to whom we could refer all our difficulties and controversies for solution and definition. No one in such a case would have stipulated for the rights of the individual conscience to submit His teaching to its own tribunal for decision whether it was acceptable or otherwise. All would say, "My conscience binds me to accept the truth when I see it, and to reject all else; and when He speaks, His declaration is a far more secure standard of truth than the poor reasonings of my own personal faculty of judgment." This reflection clears the ground for us, for we can now see that, whereas submission to authority is the sole method which in religious matters makes for unity of belief, it matters much whether the authority to which we submit has been truly commissioned by our Lord Jesus Christ to represent Him or not. If the latter, we may attain to unity by our submission to it, but it will not be unity in truth, and as a method it will not be preferable to Dr. Rashdall's "method of the spirit," so that in that case we shall do best to fall back upon the standard of truth that is within us, as the only one we have. But if the authority that claims our submission is commissioned by Jesus Christ, and hence is guided and controlled by Him in its action, then we are as safe in submitting to it, and as safe in disregarding when opposed to its dictates the conclusions of our own fallible reason, as if we were listening to His own human voice. And so we come at last to this; at least this is the point we should like to press upon the attention of these seekers after Reunion. "If you want Reunion, does not all conspire to show that you must give up thoughts of Nationalism, which means individualism and spells division, and you must accept the 'Roman,' not the 'English basis'; and inquire whether the one authority on earth which even claims to have been appointed by Jesus Christ to represent Him as teacher and ruler of the world can show convincing credentials that she is justified in making this claim?" This, it may be said, is inviting them to take refuge in private judgment after all. Yes, but in regard to a matter which is far more

within its sphere than are matters of doctrine appertaining to the sublime mysteries of the faith. Still, we acknowledge that there may be difficulties found in the process, and all that we desire to suggest just at present is that, if this longing for Reunion is as sincere and earnest as we believe it to be, it should impel to a more thorough and unbiassed study of the claims of the Holy See than has been made so far by more than a very few of those who met together in Congress the other day. Whatever may be their difficulties about our *real* doctrines which tend to keep them apart from us, at least there is no reason why the breach should be widened by misconceptions about our doctrines which serious and unbiassed study would remove. And for this cause it is surely best, both for them and for us, whilst respecting in one another the actions to which our respective convictions lead, to emphasize our many points of agreement, not by sacramental intercommunion, which is impossible—but by cultivating the most cordial personal relations, in our public and private intercourse.

S. F. S.



## *The Jubilee of Darwinism.*

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ON the 1st of July, 1908, the Linnean Society did honour to a very notable anniversary, and celebrated what was rightly described as the most remarkable event recorded in its annals. It was upon this day fifty years previously that what is described as a joint essay,—or rather a pair of companion essays—by Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace, first broached the famous theory of the Origin of Species through the operation of "Natural Selection," or the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence. The influence which this theory has exerted upon contemporary thought has been so profound and far-reaching as to invest such an occasion with no common interest and importance, and we may be allowed to give some attention to various topics which it suggests.

And first as to the genesis of the theory. It had long been a fundamental article of faith with men of science that species—a term which it seems impossible to define exactly, but which all understand—were immutable, and that each of them represented a race descended from original ancestors created or produced in the exact likeness of their progeny. Differences which could be introduced in course of time, were thought to be capable of producing *varieties* within a species, but not of altering the species itself; the infallible test being that such varieties interbreeding could produce offspring fertile *inter se*. Thus the race-horse, the hackney, and the Clydesdale were held to be descended from an original *Equus caballus*, and the crab-apple, the fox-whelp, and the Ribstone pippin from an original *Pyrus malus*. But although, especially since the time of Linnaeus, this doctrine was generally considered to be scientifically established, there were not lacking symptoms of a revolt against it, which only awaited a suitable occasion to declare itself. What was required was a comprehensible and easily-grasped explanation of some agency by means of which one species might be supposed to be transmuted into another,



and this Lamarck in France had endeavoured to discover, by his system, of which more presently, and, in England, the author of *Vestiges of Creation*, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. These, however, had failed to make any great impression either upon men of science or on public opinion, Lamarck, who was undoubtedly the most serious adversary of the received doctrine, having failed to attract general attention, while the others based their case upon arguments too speculative and lacking in scientific precision to afford what appeared a basis solid enough for the conclusions which they were to sustain.

While things were in this condition, the attention of Mr. Darwin was directed to the subject, largely in consequence of his observations during the celebrated voyage of the *Beagle*, which he has rendered classical. The enormous mass of facts which he indefatigably collected gradually convinced him that species must be mutable, and he assured himself that in "Natural Selection" he had found the required factor to effect the transformation to which specific mutations could be ascribed. So simple and persuasive did his system appear, backed by the great array of observations marshalled in its support, that friends like Hooker and Lyell, while still unconverted to his views, strongly urged him to publish them, as otherwise some one else was sure to forestall him and rob him of the credit which was his due. Darwin would not, however, take this advice, being unwilling to put his system before the world till he could support it by a still greater mass of facts, and accordingly for almost twenty years he continued to collect his evidence.

Then, in 1858, what had been foretold actually happened. Mr. Wallace, who was pursuing those researches in the Malay Archipelago, to which biology owes so much, conceived by a flash of inspiration, while laid up with an attack of fever, the very same system which Darwin had so patiently been elaborating. Letting no grass grow under his feet, he, within a week had composed an essay embodying his views, which of all persons in the world, he promptly despatched to Darwin himself. On him it fell "like a bolt from the blue." The worst forebodings of Hooker and Lyell were realized, and with the sensitive delicacy of feeling which characterized him, he proposed forthwith to renounce his claim to originality and leave the entire credit to Wallace. The latter, who would certainly never have consented to any such step, with equal

modesty now minimizes his own share in the affair, and in his speech the other day declared that the credit due respectively to him and his ally might be reckoned as proportional to the time they had each given to study of the subject, namely a single week as against twenty years. But he was at the time thousands of miles away and it was left to Hooker and Lyell to dissuade Darwin from his chivalrous project. He was at last induced to agree to the compromise of the joint communication, which these two friends communicated to the Linnean Society at the meeting of which we have spoken.

It is not proposed upon this occasion to attempt any examination of the famous theory thus presented to the world, or to do more than glance historically at its various fortunes during the period which has since elapsed. Its actual birth, in the joint essay, appears to have attracted singularly little attention. Its reading provoked practically no discussion, and for above a year, until Darwin's *Origin of Species* was published, in November, 1859, it might have seemed that the new doctrine would be still-born and excite neither advocacy nor opposition. This was, however, at once changed by the appearance of the book, and the eagerness with which this was bought up, an edition of 1,250 copies being exhausted on the first day, shows that some notion of its character had got abroad and awakened widespread interest. This was by no means confined to scientific circles, for the new theory at once took hold of the imagination of the public, and acquired that place in the popular mind which it has ever since retained. This was owing partly to the seeming simplicity of the machinery on which Darwin relied for all transformations in the world of life, and which the plain man could understand, or at least fancied he could understand, and convince himself of its sufficiency. In large measure the popularity of the new system was also undoubtedly due to the desire consciously or unconsciously entertained by very many, to find a mechanical or even materialistic explanation of the entire universe from end to end, including man himself, and long before Darwin had openly carried his principles to their logical issue, it was widely assumed that his system supplied the means of eliminating from the universe such a power as Creation, which Lyell described as "a purely unknown and imaginary cause" of what we find existing. It was evidently on this ground, that—as was mentioned by more than one speaker at the recent celebration

—the Radical Members of the Austrian Parliament, commenced a statement of their political creed, by declaring that first and foremost they were all "Darwinians."

It must at the same time be remembered that by friends and foes alike Darwinism has been constantly misunderstood and confounded with Lamarckism, which is a totally different thing. Mr. Darwin's "Natural Selection" depends entirely upon the fact which observation establishes, that the offspring, whether of animals or plants, are not exact stereotyped reproductions of their parents, in every respect, but differ somewhat from them, some in one direction, some in another. As all the young produced cannot find sustenance on the earth, the resources of which are strictly limited, a vast number must constantly perish, those which are best adapted to cope with the circumstances they have to encounter being the survivors; and as some of the modifications produced by variation will confer an advantage in this respect, those individuals, which have been so fortunate as to share it, will outlive their fellows, and thus, in the course of ages, alterations of form and structure, however great, may gradually be brought about. Lamarck, on the other hand, looked to the use and disuse of members or organs to supply the needful factor. That which is constantly used and exercised naturally develops strength and elasticity; that which is not employed dwindles away. Assuming qualities thus acquired in the lifetime of an individual to be transmissible to its progeny, he argued that here is to be found the required explanation. To take an oft-quoted example—the neck of the giraffe. Darwin supposes this to have been gradually evolved because animals with somewhat longer necks were able to find food in times of drought while their companions starved, by browsing on the foliage of trees which others could not reach; while Lamarck explains the same result by the constant efforts of successive generations, stretching and so elongating their necks to secure the same provender. This, as Professor Poulton points out,<sup>1</sup> was the system long attacked under the name of Darwinism by opponents. Professor Driesch goes further, and declares<sup>2</sup> that Darwin himself "was Lamarckian to a very far-reaching extent."

The tale of the controversial storms amidst which the early days of Darwinism were passed has often been told, and from

<sup>1</sup> *Essays on Evolution* (1908), p. 102.

<sup>2</sup> *The Science and Philosophy of the Organism* (1908), p. 260.

the accounts of the matter frequently presented readers might easily gather that the opposition to the new teaching was wholly due to religious bigotry and prejudice, a notion sedulously propagated by certain writers who are nothing if not polemical. Thus, *apropos* of the recent celebration, we read in one of the most advanced organs of freethought :<sup>1</sup> "To read the story of the reception [of the *Origin*] is enough to make us almost wish that the clerical species of humanity never had any origin."

Undoubtedly many were greatly alarmed at the spread of doctrines which they hastily assumed to be destructive to all forms of religious belief, and unfortunately some of them, instead of endeavouring to understand Darwin's theory, and to satisfy themselves as to its scientific foundations, and legitimate consequences, endeavoured to meet it with mere invectives or cheap ridicule, which was usually entirely wide of the mark and betrayed complete ignorance of the system against which it was directed. As empty vessels make most sound, it was inevitable that these indiscreet controversialists should be more in evidence than others, but it is not easy to find evidence of the storm of clerical and theological obloquy by which, we are constantly told, it was sought to extinguish the new-born babe. On the contrary, we learn from a correspondent quoted in the *Life of Mr. Darwin*, that at Oxford itself—which might be taken to represent the extreme of reactionary conservatism—after the famous passage of arms between Bishop Samuel Wilberforce and Professor Huxley before the British Association (1860), in which the former bitterly attacked the *Origin*, and the latter, with Hooker, as stoutly defended it,—what chiefly struck the writer at a subsequent *conversazione*, was "the fair and unprejudiced way in which the black coats and white cravats of Oxford discussed the question, and the frankness with which they offered their congratulations to the winners in the combat,"—by whom Huxley and Hooker were clearly meant.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Clarion*, July 10, 1908.

<sup>2</sup> The *Clarion* article already mentioned has the following :

"Pope Pius IX. laid aside his pontifical dignity to denounce Darwinism as 'a system which is repugnant at once to history, to the tradition of all peoples, to exact science, to observed facts, and even to Reason itself.'"

The source whence this remarkable utterance is quoted is not indicated ; we have never come across it, and some search in what appeared the most likely quarters has failed to find any trace of it. More remarkable still, it appears to have been unknown to Professor Huxley, whose purpose it would have admirably served in his controversy with Mr. Mivart ; nor is it alluded to in the *Life and Letters of Mr. Darwin*, where all opinions and pronouncements concerning the *Origin* are usually reported.

But it was by no means the champions of religion alone who were in opposition ;—as Professor Huxley acknowledges, the leading men of science, at least of the older generation, were on the same side.<sup>1</sup> Looking for an indication of public opinion to the leading reviews, we find, it is true, in the *Quarterly*, for July, 1860, an article by Bishop Wilberforce, which, like his Oxford speech, while taking a distinctly religious line, gave his adversaries good ground for charging his attack with both prejudice and ignorance of the subject he undertook to treat. But in an earlier article—April, 1860—the *Edinburgh* was equally hostile, while at the same time it expressly repudiated the notion of bringing religious or Biblical arguments into scientific discussions.

We have no sympathy whatever [it wrote] with Biblical objectors to creation by law, or with the sacerdotal revilers of those who would explain such law. Literal scripturalism in the time of Lactantius opposed and reviled the demonstrations of the shape of the earth ; in the time of Galileo it reviled and persecuted the demonstrations of the movements of the earth ; in the time of Dean Cockburn of York, it anathematized the demonstrations of the antiquity of the earth ; and the eminent geologist [Buckland] who then personified the alleged anti-scriptural heresy, has been hardly less emphatic than his theological assailant, in his denunciations of some of the upholders of the “becoming and succession of species by natural law,” or by “a continuously operating creative force.” What we have here to do, is to express our views of the hypothesis as to the nature and mode of operation of the creative law, which has been promulgated by Messrs. Wallace and Darwin.

Yet—as has been said—the critic who thus confined himself to legitimate scientific considerations, arrived at conclusions wholly adverse to the new theory. His review was described by Darwin himself as “malignant and clever.”

Of Catholic Magazines, the *Rambler*, earlier in the field than these quarterlies, had an article in March, 1860, by Richard Simpson, then its most familiar contributor. He seems to have assumed as a matter of course that Darwinism was opposed to religion and orthodox philosophy, and in consequence pronounced against it uncompromisingly, and his paper is a good illustration of the difficulty experienced at the period even by very able men in rightly apprehending a system so revolu-

<sup>1</sup> *On the Reception of the Origin of Species.*

tionary as that to be discussed. There is, however, no indication of "theological" bigotry, of which those who remember Mr. Simpson's writings will not be likely to suspect him.

Probably the most important criticism was that which appeared some years later (June, 1867) in the *North British Review*. The author was Fleeming Jenkin, an engineer, who on purely scientific grounds, without any mention of religious considerations, delivered a powerful attack on the Darwinian theory, which Darwin himself considered to be the most valuable criticism ever made of his views, and Professor Huxley pronounced to be "of real and permanent value."

So much for the common idea that only religious or theological prejudice was responsible for the opposition which the new scientific gospel had to encounter.

It must, moreover, be confessed that its supporters should bear some considerable share of responsibility for the acrimonious character which the conflict too frequently assumed. In the first place, as has already been said, there were some amongst them who appeared to delight in pushing Darwinian principles to extreme consequences which must be abhorrent to the "orthodox." Moreover, it is by no means the case, as we might easily be led to suppose, that all bitterness and abuse was confined to one side only. To judge by what we frequently read, it might be thought that while the defenders of traditional ignorance subjected their adversaries to treatment which amounted to nothing less than persecution, the latter replied solely by good temper and clear argumentation which should have proved convincing. In reality, as those will recollect whose memories go back so far, and as may be seen in the various correspondence now accessible which passed between the leading innovators, these constantly adopted a tone in regard of their antagonists which could not fail to produce intense irritation and provoke reprisals: it being constantly assumed that only prejudice or stupidity could hinder prompt conversion to the new doctrine. Professor Huxley, for example, who prided himself on obeying the Apostolic injunction to suffer fools gladly, never failed to let his antagonists clearly understand that fools they certainly were. Darwin himself, who was far less offensive than most of his followers, declared in various instances that the grounds upon which his conclusions rested could not possibly be shaken, that nothing but our natural prejudice prevented their acceptance, which was forced



upon every man not content to assume the mental attitude of a savage.

Such having been the early history of Darwinism, what is to be said of its present position, now that it has been before the world for half-a-century? Of the multitude of scientific men who style themselves Darwinians, how many have any real claim to the title, and believe in Natural Selection as the agent which has produced that transformation of species which all evolutionists assume to have occurred? Even as to evolution itself, while there is general agreement that it has in fact taken place, can it be pretended that there is anything like unanimity, or in fact anything but fierce discord, as to the manner in which it has been wrought, and the nature of the forces to which it is due? Undoubtedly the ideas of Darwin and Wallace did much for Natural History, shaking scientific ideas out of traditional grooves, and giving an impetus to observation and research which has borne marvellous fruit. But it is a grave error to represent, as some are inclined to do, that Darwinism itself has proved to supply even such a key to the secrets of Nature as its author supposed, or that, as Haeckel declares, we have found a solution of all mysteries in the magic word "Evolution." As Professor Driesch says in his recent Gifford Lectures, with whose words we may conclude—"We do not know very much about evolution at all,—in this field we are just at the very beginning of what deserves the name of exact knowledge;"<sup>1</sup> while, "Darwinism fails all along the line."<sup>2</sup>

J. G.

<sup>1</sup> *The Science and Philosophy of the Organism*, p. 21.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 269.

## *Catholics and the Italian Universities.*

What happy gale  
Blows you to Padua?

*Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2.

IN a recent article<sup>1</sup> the complete disintegration of the "Closed State" has been clearly, eloquently, and irrefutably recounted. The Church, having conquered and absorbed the Roman Empire, moved along a course which enabled her to dictate religion, to impose a type of conscience, to veto extravagances of thought. To-day that is impossible. For good or evil, we live in a Democracy, and public opinion, "prevalent ideas," shape government; the Press is the "perpetual Parliament," which none can prorogue or dissolve.

In consequence, as cannot be too often proclaimed, wherever the Revolution has been felt, the working-classes are breaking or have broken from the old tradition; and the new, powerful, educated middle-class has never known it save in books, where it is represented as part and parcel of the bad old system.

Wherever, then, this fact has been keenly felt by Catholics, complementary works have sprung up destined to Christianize these two great sections of society, the employers and the employed. In general, effort seems to tend towards the perfecting of higher education in the one case, and the establishment of Retreat-houses and Catholic study-clubs in the second. France and Belgium, and, on lines of its own, Germany, have given an example here to the whole Catholic world: England has long been struggling to make the presence of Catholics at her Universities frequent, and easy, and safe: the first workmen's retreat as part of an organized system, is, as we write, in progress.<sup>2</sup> The Holy Father, to whom we were privileged

<sup>1</sup> "Rome and Democracy." Canon W. Barry, D.D., *Dublin Review*, April, 1908.

<sup>2</sup> This was written in May, 1908. The enterprize of *Retreats for Working Men* in England has, since that time, developed with remarkable rapidity. This is not, however, the place to quote details concerning this admirable work, which we trust will be permanent amongst us.



recently to recall what is being done in both these directions in this country, gave so spontaneous and detailed a benediction to the Catholic students, professors, and Halls of Oxford and Cambridge, and to all who preached or made or had initiated working men's retreats, as to leave no doubt whatever of his feelings in this regard.

Needless to say, this problem, like all others, has its special complications in Italy; nor would we venture to comment on it apart from the information and advice of those constantly occupied in dealing with it on the spot.

We do not mean to speak now of the new organizations intended to help the *working-classes*. Something of this was said in a recent article;<sup>1</sup> much more is being done. For the first time the Exercises of St. Ignatius were preached to three sets of thirty working-men this Easter at Chieri, near Turin. A House for such Retreats is rising at Bologna. But on the whole the most remarkable incident has been the building of the *Pensione Universitaria* "*Francesco Petrarca*" at Padua.

It will be remembered that in Italy all University education is strictly Governmental, and that to have passed the University examinations, and indeed to have frequented the Universities themselves, is a *sine qua non* of candidature for any of the recognized professions. Army and Navy apart, the law, medicine, engineering, and the professorial career fairly exhaust between them the possibilities before a young man. Yet so strong, not long ago, was the prevalent Catholic opinion that the frequentation of the Universities meant ruin to faith and morals, that men were practically faced, intellectually and socially as well as politically, with a choice between their God and the institutions of their country. Effacement of self, abandonment of career, is the course for heroes; this was, however, demanded of them, for to choose the career, *i.e.*, an "Italian" future, was considered to imply "worldliness" in varying degrees.

It was, however, recognized that men would continue to frequent the Universities; and since there were some who not only condemned, but had pity on these multitudes, efforts were made to help them. The sheltered atmosphere of such religious schools as survived was still felt to make the complete change into the wholly open air of the Italian University an unjustifiable risk; men could not be flung promiscuously into the midst of

<sup>1</sup> "Catholicism and Athleticism in Italy." THE MONTH, July, 1908.

their unregenerate fellows. Catholic University Clubs were started. The Archbishop of Taranto witnesses to their failure. The same writer (July, 1906) exclaimed: "We demand a Catholic University. Let us go on demanding, for the sake of maintaining a principle. But shall we get it? If so, when? And will the entire youth of Italy be able to profit by it when it exists?" Only one answer, for whole decades, is possible. In the same year, accordingly, a little *Pensionato* which had existed in the neighbourhood of Padua was transformed into the magnificent institution, inhabited by some eighty or ninety students, which we propose to describe.

Recommending it to the clergy and laity the Holy Father wrote, in February, 1906, that it was the *first example* in Italy of a work he held pre-eminently important, persuaded as he was that from the good success of those who one day were to form the governing classes primarily depended the cure of sick society.

In May of that year, Cardinal Merry del Val, Secretary of State, wrote of it as an "eminently social and religious enterprise;" it was his fervent prayer that it might be imitated throughout the length and breadth of Italy. It would be tedious, and reduce the appearance of this paper to that of a testimonial-sheet for soap, were we to quote the enthusiastic approbation granted by Cardinals and dignitaries of every grade, Italian, French, Spanish, German, English, which lie before us as we write. Be it noticed, though, that apart from the general recognition that these students are the men who are going to lead society, set the tone, that is, of Europe in these cosmopolitan days, nothing is more emphasized in these Episcopal letters than the characteristics hoped for from this combination of University and Catholic training: "firmness of character, consciousness of duty, spirit of self-sacrifice," the late Cardinal Svampa defined them; "solid and Christian culture, of which modern society feels a daily great need," Cardinal Rampolla expects from the Catholic university-student.

It was suitable that at the old University town of Copernicus and Galileo the reconciliation should be initiated. Besides, Padua has its unique associations. Antenor came there from Troy on purpose to found it, which is certainly true, not only because Vergil says so, but because in 1274 his tomb was there discovered, and can still be seen, and because he, like Livy,

(who was discovered a century and a half later), ran a very good chance of winning popular regard as a great Saint. Only in the city which all but canonized Ovid might a *rapprochement* between celestial and terrene more hopefully be attempted.

The *Pensionato* could have no finer nor more significant situation. Exactly interposed between the tumbled masses of the Basilica, and the huge Church of Santa Juliana, it lifts new white walls, crowned with modern-art iron-work in audacious contrast to the weather-bleached brick and piled domes so near it. Indeed, the ubiquity in it of modern art, suggestive of the boldest pages of the *Studio*, cannot but impress the visitor, who will find added piquancy in the reflection that all this is the work and in the charge of those popularly held responsible for the *stile gesuitico*. He will be shown into a *salone*, where the tints of the upholstery can only be designated as psychological: the furniture and panelling suggest Arabia married to Paris, and regenerated by William Morris; the decorative scheme displays the modern passion for straight lines combined with the "honeysuckle-curve," which typifies, we gather, our ideal of strenuous endeavour working with and for the beauty that it loves, yet never conquered by it. . . . Harmonious lack of symmetry everywhere betokens self-control—straight-jacket abandoned, yet anarchy not resulting. On the walls allegorical figures, clothed and very much in their right minds, soberly disport themselves, or contemplate a distant Padua, where a pearl-grey *Pensionato* floats diaphanous between the cumbrous, dust-hued churches. And really there is something in it! It is all very bold, very high in colour, very young and democratic. Mr. Walter Crane, who writes in the *Daily Mail* on Art and Socialism, would smack his lips over it.

An immense corridor runs down the building, one side all glass and twisted iron—strong, sweeping curves and verticals of iron, boldly framing the wide splashes of orange and purple, like the spots that flame on the wings of Brazilian butterflies. Electric clusters, toned by ground glass, and with copper and wrought-iron supports, light this at night; wicker-chairs and tables, and feathery palms furnish it; only the rugless floor and the austere walls tell that this is no sitting-out gallery for a dance.

Of the refectory we remember little but that the chairs combined high art with comfort. We had glimpses of trim

waiters hurrying with the dishes. And it was curious to mark the crucifix, here as always, dominant.

The great Conference Hall is near this: in it take place the weekly lectures to be mentioned below, also all private lectures, discussions, and debates. When we saw it, the immense lantern-screen was rolled back, and on the stage stood the chair of the priest who was giving the Exercises to some twenty-five of the students, who had remained, in their vacation, for this Retreat.

The chapel is still unfinished, and here for the first time, in the cloud-perspective painted with delicate ingenuity on the ceiling-panels, did we notice some slight survival of the freakish tradition pushed by Brother Pozzi and his compeers. In all ages, religious art has been the slowest to change its categories. Periclean Athens would give Pheidias no free hand to remodel the awkward old Athene. Change is either resisted, or imperceptible, or welcomed with a mad recklessness. Cimabue, we know, was almost worshipped as a demigod: when the Renaissance came with its ebullition of Hellenism, revolution invaded the churches, snapping tradition, Byzantine and medieval alike; and we have the prancing angels and saints in joy or sorrow equally gesticulant, who caracole in frozen noisiness round the sanctuaries. In the last two centuries the sorrows of the Papacy have spiritualized religion—may we not believe?—in Europe; the manufacturers of church furniture, themselves not Christian, yet conscious of the changing sentiment, have laboured to express this in their art. Modesty, humility, meekness, found their symbolism in angle of neck, in flap of wrist, in the drooped eye-lid. But thank Heaven that the great exhibitions of religious art, such as that evoked by the Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII., and the competitions for his prizes, prove how true and worthy a renaissance of Christian art is preparing in the studios of Europe and not least of Italy.

A lift took us to the higher storeys. Here we had capital and comfortable (though still high-art) Common-rooms and Billiard-room; a well-stocked Reading-room (American magazines, engineering and industrial, were much in evidence: none came, alas, from England), and two Consulting Libraries, filled chiefly with works on Law, Mathematics, and Medicine, (here England pulled to the fore).

The dwelling-rooms fall into three categories, roughly

estimable by their rents of 120, 180, and anything up to 300 lire for ten months of the year: the better rooms form suites of three, and are quite unlike the monastic "bedders" of Oxford or Cambridge. Indeed, the red satin walls and crimson and gold chairs irresistibly connote, for the Britisher, Buckingham Palace, or even a first-class Parisian hotel. But the Englishman exults at the sight of such splendid basins with such generous water laid on to each apartment, and yet again, at the sight of English names on porcelain and metal fixings! On every floor are tiled bath-rooms, douche and vapour-bath complete.

There are second and third floors, with Sodality Chapel, infirmary with its own chapel, and dispensary; in the tower is a superb library, already enriched by bequests. Finally, a garden-loggia is reached; all Padua lies beneath us, and, all around, the Lombard plain; Livy's hills are to the west, the Adriatic mists lie sleeping on the east; and the long shimmering Alps curtain all the north.

Within these very pleasant halls, liberty is great: only in the fact that casual visitors are disallowed, and that all stranger friends of the students must be presented to the Director (—no formidable ordeal, if we may generalize from the extraordinary geniality and welcome accorded to ourselves—"Padua affords nothing but what is kind"), is the discipline noticeably stricter than in our English Universities. Indeed, in some points it is easier. There is no morning roll-call. Halls are at 12 and 7;<sup>1</sup> all are to be within doors by 9 in winter and 10 or 10.30 in summer. The garden, with its fountains and running water, was, when we saw it, a miracle of spring beauty. Photographs proved the popularity of the river and the admirable *tenue* of the crews.

All are bound to attend the weekly Conference, which turns on some point in which the Faith comes into contact with peculiarly modern conditions of life and science: Duelling, Spiritualism, Morality in Literature, Labour questions, Democracy, &c., are lectured on by competent men and discussed. The courses of University lectures, especially Political and Philosophical, are commented on and supplemented; a practice, we have heard, many would fain see at Oxford and

<sup>1</sup> *Battels* amount to 2.60 per diem for table; 20 l. are paid for the half's washing (a capital laundry is at work on the spot); 15 l. admit to the use of Library, &c., and to all common games and recreations.

Cambridge, and one profitable not only to the callous undergrad, but quite as much to the home-lecturer, forced as he thus is to keep in touch with the systems preached around him, and to have first-hand knowledge of what he may intend—if need there be—to combat.

Beyond this, and the brief night prayers, and the Sunday and festival Mass, no religious "duty" is incumbent on the men. There is an *ad libitum* daily Mass at 7.0; it is pleasant to know that many to whom that hour is normally prehistoric seek, before Schools, their Mass in the Basilica. There the shrine of the *Santo*, behind Sansovino's lovely screen, is never lonely. Women sit on its steps; men lean their forehead against its stone and stand there praying; children are lifted up to kiss the slab that guards the holy relic. Even the coachmen—an impious race, if we are to believe St. Alphonsus—kneel there, in their blue cloaks with enormous furry collars. Sculpture and inscription bid us ask for miracles. We deem it is one, that the art and science and modern push and emancipation of the *Pensionato* can be correlated with the dim and gorgeous shrine; that the men who sit on the University benches can easily come here, to kneel among children and peasants at the feet of the Paduan Saint.

Among the reasons put forward by those who wish to see even the more cautious rejoice in the propagation of the policy we have described, is the consideration that the temper of Italian Universities has largely changed. It is the opinion of one who has known two of the larger Italian Universities intimately, and has achieved with brilliance the distinctions they offered, that the days of deliberate attack on the faith of students are dying, if not dead. Very rarely, he assured us, does one now hear of open insult, contemptuous negation. Rather is it the negative assault, the unavowed materialism, the conviction that culture can be complete without mention of God, and the impression of successful independence so readily conveyed by our modern educationalists, which constitute the danger. Some, we know, detect the same danger at our English Universities, more insidious indeed in the two older towns inasmuch as they minister to so much more than the mere intellect. There, indeed, the place and life may seem, at times, too complete, too universally satisfying, too scandalously *enough*! But it is just here that the Catholic of conviction is so uniquely well-equipped. He, in these days almost alone, is experimentally aware that



one cannot adequately shape one's course and achieve one's destination on just what Oxford gives, or Cambridge, precisely because he arrives there in possession of something so divinely better: he alone should never experience the sudden and awful pangs of soul-starvation which they feel who try to live on University fare (noble and excellent after its kind) alone.

Once in conscious possession of his peculiar birthright, who so fitted for the Universities as the Catholic? The Catholic Church, after all, is the greatest University, and has founded all the lesser ones! Catholic and universal are merely Greek and Latin for the same thing; and owing to the infinite variety possible within the bounds of that which is Universal by its definition, a Catholic should have a natural aptitude to pass easily and without intellectual or moral shock from one point of view to another. Whatever look-out he mounts, he always has beneath him the foundation-rock of Faith. A bigoted Catholic should therefore be an impossibility. He should know that he alone can afford to look unhesitatingly about him; because for him alone it is quite certain that no window in his mind can ever look out upon a "horror of great darkness." Precisely as long as he keeps his Faith vivid and intact, can he dare to mix with men; when once he fears that his belief is sickly and a hot-house product he had best, but gradually, withdraw from his artificial atmosphere into the fresher air its hitherto anæmic growth. Indeed, in the case of some few individuals, even here in England, we roundly assert this to be a duty; nay, some men must (to vary the metaphor), retire within entrenchments, and so shoot at everybody and everything within range, as to ensure that not one enemy shall approach, even at the risk of killing some of his allies and wounding all his friends.

This danger of yielding to the fascination of the University is, we believe, more acute where the temptation is more subtle; in England, therefore, than abroad—at least at Oxford and Cambridge. We found it hard to ascertain how far Italian students *loved* their University. The passionate devotion inspired by the two old Universities has with us the mingled haloes of romance and, virtually, religion. There exists, for all save the hopeless Scythian, Oxford's "secret that all must own," of which Mr. Quiller-Couch has sung, though he defies the subtlest or most eloquent or most devoted son of Oxford to reveal it. Certainly men fall in love with Oxford, if they



really let her meet them and talk quietly with them. And this she does not only by her old walls, where snapdragon and wallflower glow crimson and gold and tawny; nor by her lawns alone, suddenly green and alive at the foot of grey stone towers; but by the whole mingled career which she sanctions, by its immense variety of occupations, exciting, painful, dull, glorious, which make in memory a diaper of modern and intelligible incidents lived in an ancient and romantic setting, and hallowed by the glow of an affectionate recollection. The river, the hockey-fields, the lecture-halls; most of all, the rooms of companions and friends, scenes of all manner of discussions and alliances, centre-points for new horizons opening. Pater has well said that certain names woke a whole atmosphere of their own—Helen, Gretchen, Mary. In their homelier way, Iffley, Shotover, Godstow, names remembered years and leagues away from Oxford, set stirring in the brain whole networks of vibrations which recreate the old delightful life in lonely days; or which, by a good Freemasonry, make a man everywhere and at once the friend of other Oxford men, who have with him no uniting link save three or four years spent long ago at the University.

The public utility of the Italian Universities seems more easily assumed than that of our own, or, more exactly, of Oxford and of Cambridge. The Italian Universities cater with obvious success for the intellect—primarily if not uniquely, it is confessed. So do our younger Universities. Oxford and Cambridge are schools of character even more than of intellect, and we have the phenomenon—so bewildering a paradox to foreign ears—that men's morality there very frequently *improves* on what his public schools had left it. Heaven avert the threatened changes which tend to assimilate Oxford and Cambridge to the schools of mere intellect! We risk the prophecy that men of the calibre of Lord Salisbury, Lord Goschen, and Lord Curzon—a fine record of Chancellors indeed!—will not take the trouble and interest to rule them when that change has happened! Practical experts of limited view, wholly uneducated learned people, will be their product; not men fit to "rule and to be ruled;" not men fit to go almost straight from Oxford to the viceroyalty of India, and ready to return and rule, in its turn, Oxford, in the power of the conviction of her unique value for the building up of citizens.

Is it a fantastic hope that precisely this influx of Catholics

into the Italian Universities will infuse an element into that life of which as yet it has contained but little? Will not there be men whose whole life in them will be a schooling of *character*, simultaneously with a merely intellectual development? And gathered thus into a community of common aims and efforts, bright with all the sunrise of new hopes and opening possibilities, carried too on the tide of athletic training and competition which so wholesomely characterizes Italian Catholic youth, may they not create a University life which combines all that is so obviously important and good in the Italian Universities with what we like to think is of peculiar value in our own?

C. C. MARTINDALE.

## *A Bogus Biography.*

THE LIFE OF FATHER ARCHANGEL LESLIE.

THOSE who are familiar with Father Delehaye's work, *Les Legendes Hagiographiques*,<sup>1</sup> and more especially with his admirable chapter entitled "Le dossier d'un saint," are not likely to be either startled or shocked at the idea that fiction has often played a considerable part in the published records of holy lives. Whether the introduction of this element has been accidental or premeditated, whether edification as an end has ever been held to justify forgery as a means, it is not our purpose here to inquire. What we can be quite assured of, documents in hand, is the simple fact that a straightforward history of a conversion or a martyrdom has often been transformed into a long concatenation of miraculous events, in which it is hard to recognize one single feature of the original narrative. Father Delehaye's detailed analysis of the story of St. Procopius is quite convincing. The mortified ecclesiastic of Scythopolis, who upon his firm refusal to sacrifice to the Emperors was promptly sentenced to decapitation, develops before our very eyes into a mail-clad warrior overthrowing pagan temples, converting thousands to Christ, slaying whole armies of his adversaries, perpetually put to death and as often restored to life again by miracle, but only that he may endure fresh torments and more inconceivable atrocities, until the very identity of the martyr is lost among the confused lineaments of other claimants, who in part or in whole have shared his posterous story.

But while recognizing this process of accretion as a familiar phenomenon in the legends of the early and middle ages, we might have been disposed to believe that no parallels can be

<sup>1</sup> An English version has been published as one of the volumes of the Westminster Library: *The Legends of the Saints, an Introduction to Hagiography*. Translated by Mrs. V. M. Crawford. London, Longmans. 1907.

quoted in modern times—say since the days of the Council of Trent. It is to be feared that this would be far too sanguine an estimate of the hagiographical outlook. The process still goes on, though we may believe that, in the formal canonization which has now long replaced the former “equivalent” canonization by popular repute and episcopal sanction—the legendary element is carefully sifted out. But there have been and are other claimants to popular favour besides those whose causes have been approved before the Tribunals of the Congregation of Rites, and every now and again we come to see how even in ages comparatively recent the craving for the marvellous, and indifference to all tests of credibility, not to speak of influences still less edifying, have flourished as of yore.

Of such reckless or unprincipled hagiography it would be hard to find a more flagrant example than that account of the destruction of the Trinitarian houses in England to which Father Pollen once called attention in these pages in an article entitled “Spurious Records of Tudor Martyrs.”<sup>1</sup> The unblushing invention of thirty-five convents and of three hundred Religious all dying for their faith is only surpassed by the elaborateness of the details supplied for each stage of the conflict. Still if a parallel were wanted for the curious audacity displayed in this matter by the Spanish Trinitarians, it might perhaps be found in a book called *Nova Typis Transacta Navigatio*, by one “Dom Honorius Philoponus,” who in 1623 professed to write a Life of Abbot Bernard Buil, the head of the first band of missionaries conveyed by Columbus to the New World. It might in one sense be said that the Abbot Bernard Buil never existed, but the story is one which would require an article to itself. In any case these two examples have long been laid aside and forgotten. No one would now attempt to claim popular veneration either for the first missionary of the New World or the *soi-disant* martyrs of Knaresborough.

More to our present purpose are certain other cases in which such fictions still linger on and obtain credit even in our own sceptical age. No doubt these spurious records are rarer than they used to be, but they still exist, as we shall see, and in view of the hostile criticism to which all things connected with the Catholic Church are exposed from those outside her pale, it seems worth while from time to time to sound a note of warning.

<sup>1</sup> THE MONTH, June, 1895, pp. 217—228.

May we, without presumption, venture to urge that Magazine editors do really incur some little responsibility in regard to hagiographical articles which are inevitably accepted by their readers as sober history? It would not seem too much to ask that something should be done to test the veracity of the facts narrated before they are committed to print. Take, for example, the somewhat analogous case of relics. As a matter of principle, if not always of practice, the Church is rigorous in her provisions regarding the public exposition of these memorials of the Saints which invite the veneration of the faithful. We do not of course *worship* relics, and so there can be no question of any form of idolatry on the part of the faithful, even *materialiter*, supposing the relics to be false. None the less the Church would consider the exposition of spurious relics a serious offence. Is it not a misdemeanour of much the same kind to set out for the edification of the faithful a number of bogus miracles or bogus conversions when the exercise of just a little ordinary diligence would have been sufficient to expose their falsity?

Of the two illustrations which I propose now to consider, one is of comparatively little importance, and I only quote it here to show that the biographical article which is the proper subject of the present paper does not stand quite alone. Having occasion lately to look through some back numbers of the (American) *Rosary Magazine*, my eye was caught by the following heading: "A Typical Tertiary—the Blessed Euphemia, O.P., Daughter of Edward III., King of England!"<sup>1</sup> Now, there is of course no reason in the nature of things why a daughter of Edward III. should not have become a "typical tertiary" of the Dominican Order. The difficulty is only this, that all the four daughters who are known to have been born to King Edward III. are already fully accounted for, and we do not see where the Blessed Euphemia (not a name, so far as I am aware, commonly used among the Royal family of England) can possibly come in. Turning to read the article, one discovers that no clue is given as to sources. We wonder how the writer knows that Blessed Euphemia was Edward III.'s daughter. He simply states the fact, and declares that, having been promised by her father in marriage to the Duke of Gueldre (*sic*), "an ally whose help was greatly necessary to him

<sup>1</sup> *The Rosary Magazine*, February, 1904, pp. 135—139. Published at Somerset, Ohio.

to continue the hundred years' war,"<sup>1</sup> she thereupon ran away from home, sailed to the Netherlands, and "went on foot, begging her bread, to the city of Cologne." We are next told that the disappearance of the Royal princess produced a sensation at the English Court—as well it might. "A battle lost by the English armies on the Continent could not have caused more anxiety." Accredited envoys were accordingly sent to all the countries of Europe, and, to be very brief, some of these finding a young woman in the pillory at Cologne, recognized in her their Sovereign's beloved daughter. However, Euphemia, who for her greater humiliation desired to remain in the pillory, determines to dissemble. To this end she answers the salutations of the messengers

in a flippant tone quite strange to her education and birth, and as one joking: "Very nice, indeed, of you, gentlemen, to mind me. You ask me who is my father. My father has been hanged. I had twelve brothers. Eleven of them suffered a violent death, and the twelfth hanged himself. I am alone here of my family. You see by the spectacle at which you have just assisted that I am a chip of the old block, and the best you have to do is not to trouble yourself about me."

As the envoys failed to understand the true meaning of the young lady's answer—she had called Jesus Christ her father and the twelve apostles her brothers—they dismissed with abuse the servant of God, loading her with contempt.<sup>2</sup>

One might at first suppose that all this was only intended as a pious fiction, exceptional only in its silliness and its bad taste; but there can be no doubt, so far as I can see, that the author means it to be taken seriously. He tells us that Blessed Euphemia at last found a home "at Pfortzheim in the Margraviate of Bade" (*sic.*)<sup>3</sup> He states that she died in February, 1367, and he further declares that "though not yet publicly beatified, historians commonly call her blessed, and Klauber has placed her portrait among those of the saints and blessed

<sup>1</sup> The probable foundation for all this is the fact that Raynald, Count of Gueldres and Zutphen, did in fact marry the Princess Eleanor, the sister of Edward III. in 1332, at which date Edward himself was just twenty and had been married four years to Philippa of Hainault, who was younger than himself. (See Longman, *Edward III.* I. 110, and II. 155. A list of Edward's daughters will be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and in Joshua Barnes.)

<sup>2</sup> *The Rosary Magazine*, February, 1904, p. 136.

<sup>3</sup> From this form of the word and from a reference in another place to "Souabe" (Suabia), one is probably safe in inferring that the unnamed writer has not entirely invented the story, but has been utilizing materials which were not originally English.

of the Dominican family." No one ignorant of English history who chanced to read this sketch could possibly suspect that the incidents recorded were one whit less real than the details, let us say, of the Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

Whatever we may think of the story of Blessed Euphemia, it is a matter which has never attracted any particular attention. But the Life of Father Archangel, of which I propose to speak more at large, has enjoyed, at least in the past, a very considerable vogue. Given to the world first of all by an author of high repute, Mgr. G. B. Rinuccini, Legate of the Holy See and Archbishop of Fermo, it has been translated into all the principal languages of Europe, and in several of its versions it has seen numerous editions. After lying in abeyance for a while, the story has been revived in quite modern times in England, France, Italy, Germany, and America,<sup>1</sup> its most recent appearance being in an article of nearly thirty pages in the January number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*.<sup>2</sup> And yet, as I think the reader will agree before the conclusion of this paper, the Life of Father Archangel, instead of being, as its most recent exponent has claimed for it, "interestingly illustrative of the country which gave him birth, of the epoch in which he lived and of the Order to which he belonged,"<sup>3</sup> is rather to be accounted a pure fiction, in which the imaginative faculties of Scotland, Italy, and France seem to be blended in about equal proportions.

And here let me hasten to say that in calling attention to the subject here, I have not been prompted by any unfriendliness either to the writer of the article or to the periodical in which it appeared. The writer's name is otherwise unknown to me. The *American Catholic Quarterly*, on the other hand, is a review which I regard with much respect and which has more than once afforded hospitality to contributions of my own. But it is precisely the good standing of such a periodical which lends authority to its contents, and I have already heard of

<sup>1</sup> The various known editions have been catalogued by the late Mr. T. G. Law in a list printed in 1891 for the Edinburgh Bibliographical Society. Most of them have also been noticed in his article in the *Scottish Review*, July, 1891, to which further reference will be made.

<sup>2</sup> The *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, vol. xxxiii. 1908, pp. 29—57. The article is entitled, "A Scotch Apostle."

<sup>3</sup> The author of the French translation of 1650 assures his readers: "Le sujet en est d'autant plus merveilleux, qu'il se soutient toujours de lui-mesme sur un fondement inébranlable. C'est la vérité toute pure."



proposals to give further currency to this particular memoir which, like the fictions of the late Mr. Hubert Burke, seems much to surpass the ordinary materials of history in the richness of its local colouring. Though I am far from flattering myself that a pious romance which has already been fully exposed and which stands permanently gibbeted in the *Dictionary of National Biography*,<sup>1</sup> will be restrained from further development by any writing of mine, still each protest from the Catholic side does in a measure help to check the further spread of the error at the same time that it vindicates our controversial good faith.

But it is now high time to give the substance of that curious biography by Archbishop Rinuccini which with its various amplifications was destined to become so highly popular. Reduced to a bare skeleton of the essential facts the story runs as follows :

Near the city of Aberdeen, in Scotland, dwelt James Leslie and Jane Selvia (Wood), his wife, who were persons of high position and as wealthy as they were virtuous. At the end of a year of wedded life they had a son, George, whom they brought up a Calvinist, but the father dying soon after directed by will that his son should be educated in Paris. The mother took a second husband, who is here unnamed, but the boy George in his eighth year was sent to Paris with a train of retainers suitable to his high rank. In spite of strict injunctions laid upon his tutor that the child was to be kept away from all Catholic influences, he somehow made the acquaintance of two French lads who talked about religious matters, and who, aided and abetted by their father, in the end persuaded him to become a Catholic. The tutor wrote to Scotland to the mother, and she, infuriated, after trying threats and cajolery alike in vain, was content to leave the boy to his own devices, withdrawing at the same time all supplies of money and refusing to recognize him as her son. The father of his two young friends then took him to live with them ; and so they remained for some time, until, when George was sixteen, they all started together for Rome. Here George Leslie came

<sup>1</sup> See vol. xxxiii. pp. 90—91, *s.v.* Leslie, George. The writer of the article in question, the late Mr. Thompson Cooper, F.S.A., who was also for many years one of the Parliamentary reporters of the *Times*, was himself a Catholic. He says of the Life of Father Archangel "the alleged facts are almost entirely fictitious" and "The Legend was completely demolished by Mr. T. G. Law," &c.

in contact with the celebrated Father Angelo de Joyeuse, a Capuchin, who before becoming a friar had played a great part in the wars of the League as the Duke Henry de Joyeuse. His intercourse with the young Scottish convert inflamed the latter with an ardent desire of becoming a Capuchin, and when the Capuchin Father General hesitated to receive him, George, at Father Angelo's instigation, went boldly to interview the Pope, and obtained permission to enter the Order without further delay. The General of the Capuchins, after having authorized the postulant to proceed to the noviceship at Camarino and assigned to him the name of Brother Archangel, then threw himself at his feet and begged his pardon for the opposition he had made to his reception.

After duly making his noviceship and his studies, Brother Archangel became a priest and acquired much reputation for his eloquence. Meanwhile, some twenty years having now elapsed since he left home, a mere child, to go to Paris, his mother in Scotland often questioned chance travellers in the hope of learning some news of her eldest boy, and one day a visitor was able to tell her that her son had become a Capuchin friar in the Marches of Ancona. When in answer to her questions it was made clear to her what this change of condition precisely meant, the poor mother experienced a time of terrible anguish, and the biographer here, as on many similar occasions, seizes the opportunity to introduce three or four pages of emotional writing in the most florid Italian manner. After a soliloquy of several hundred words the lady at last addresses herself to the elder son of her second marriage and begs him to set out to find his half-brother, giving him a letter in which she beseeches George to listen to all that the brother shall say to him. The young man duly makes his way to Ancona, discovers that Father Archangel the Capuchin is at Urbino, and there we assist at the spectacle of their first meeting, drawing edification the while from the fact that Archangel will not open his mother's letter without first submitting it to his Superior. Even so he shows no emotion, but is relieved to know that his mother survives, because he can now feel hope that her damnation may be averted. Hereupon the nobles of Urbino, with the Duke, Francesco della Rovere, at their head, vie with each other in showering courtesies upon this noble young Scotchman who has just arrived in their city. The visit ends with his conversion and his solemn reception into the Church.

There is a great banquet, the details of which are given with much gusto, and before the younger brother sets off on his return journey the Duke presents him with a magnificent jewelled crucifix with an enamelled chain.

By common consent it had been arranged that the younger brother, whose name in Rinuccini's original text is nowhere mentioned, should suppress the fact of his own reception into the Church, while reporting to his mother that Father Archangel remained obdurate. A minute analysis, almost worthy of the modern psychological romance, is given of the mother's state of disappointment, disquiet, and suspicion. She finally searches her son's belongings in the hopes of finding some memorial of the lost one, but discovers instead the jewelled crucifix and chain. This betrays everything. In another very dramatic scene the mother reproaches her second son with his treachery, turns him out of the house and throws the crucifix contemptuously after him. This concludes the second part of the story, and the biographer ends the chapter with a series of reflections on the workings of Providence; a feature which forcibly recalls the moralizing of a Greek chorus after a particularly harrowing episode in the play.

The scene now shifts back to Italy, where we find Father Archangel unexpectedly summoned to Paris to fill the post of Court preacher to Marie de Medicis, then acting as Regent during the minority of Louis XIII. The zealous Capuchin at once obeys, and in his new office gains the favour of the whole Court by his tact and by his eloquence. However, not very long afterwards, when Gregory XV. succeeded to the Papal throne, the Roman Congregation of Propaganda was called into being to undertake the superintendence of foreign missions in the countries which still lay under the yoke of heresy or paganism. A new mission to Scotland was projected, and in this Father Archangel was chosen to take part. It is needless to give details of the negotiations by which, through the intervention of the Queen Regent Marie de Medicis herself, he joined the train of the Spanish Ambassador<sup>1</sup> in the capacity of interpreter and thus made his way to London. Having once more set

<sup>1</sup> "Si trovava allora in Parigi un' Ambasciatore inviato dal Rè di Spagna alla Corte d' Inghilterra. Il negozio pertanto erano le speranze del matrimonio fra quei due potentati." (p. 102.) This Ambassador must have been the Marquis of Inojosa, who reached England from Calais somewhere about June 13th, 1623. (See Calendar of State Papers, *Domestic*, 1623, p. 609.)

foot on British soil, he found means to summon his half-brother to him from Scotland. Between them it was arranged that when Father Archangel's present duties in the train of the Ambassador were at an end, he was to find his way to Scotland and begin his missionary work in virtue of his commission from Propaganda. During all this time the good Capuchin friar was disguised as a man of rank, wearing rich apparel and a sword, while his duties as interpreter were so admirably performed that when on the failure of the negotiations for the Spanish match the Ambassador returned to his own country, he presented Father Archangel with a splendid horse. Indeed, we are assured that even King James I. himself regarded the young Scotchman with the greatest favour.

Wearing a hair-shirt under his brave attire, the Capuchin missionary then journeyed northwards until he came within a few miles of Aberdeen. There he bethought him to write a letter, signed by himself and dated from Fermo, in which he begged his mother to show all hospitality and give full credence to the bearer as her eldest son's most intimate friend. With this in his hands he came to the gate of Monymusk, a castle or town (*castello*),<sup>1</sup> where each well-remembered object reminded him of his childhood. Having introduced himself as Father Archangel's friend and messenger, he presented his letter. After a few bitter words denouncing her son's ingratitude, the visitor was made welcome. Though it was August a fire was lit for him. A sumptuous repast closed the day, but sitting at the board, though lower than the rest of the family, according to the custom of the country, was an heretical preacher, who drew from that house a salary of three hundred crowns (*scudi*) a year. During a stay of some days the disguised Capuchin succeeded in endearing himself to all the household, winning in particular the affections of his younger half-brother by presenting him with his Spanish horse. His mother was strangely drawn to him, and when she overheard a chance enquiry of Father Archangel's made to a servant about a dove-cot which had been removed from its former position, she already half-guessed the identity of her visitor. Being pressed with a direct question, he at last revealed himself and in a scene worked up by the biographer with every artifice of rhetoric, mother and son throw themselves into each other's arms and then fall swooning to

<sup>1</sup> Sundry remarks later on make it clear that the writer regarded it as a town with walls. The manor-house itself he calls *palazzo*.

the ground.<sup>1</sup> In the course of the day the whole countryside heard the news and were prompt to make visits of congratulation. At night, cressets and bonfires were lighted on the battlements of the town, and the inhabitants discharged all the culverins in the place and let off rockets inviting the stars of heaven to take part in their rejoicing. The convert half-brother was forgiven and recalled home, and everything was radiant with joy except the livid countenance of the heretical preacher who sat apart while the furies of hell preyed upon his vitals.<sup>2</sup> It was natural that the mother's attitude towards Catholicism should have been a good deal modified by all these developments, but the climax was reached by a series of disputations which took place between Father Archangel and the Calvinist minister. The latter was thoroughly worsted; the mother, who was present at all the discussions, was at last enabled to see the truth of the Catholic faith, and making her submission to the Church, transformed a large upper room in the castle of Monymusk into a chapel. Meanwhile her son, as indeed he had already been doing, used her home as the centre of his missionary excursions, and made three thousand converts among the people of the neighbourhood.

This in brief is the story which Archbishop Rinuccini set himself to tell, and which occupies three out of the four divisions of his little volume. The fourth part, which can hardly be regarded as more than an Appendix to the other three, makes known, so far as the Archbishop could learn them, the later and more harrowing experiences of the Capuchin and his now Catholic mother. They may be summarized here in a few words. After Father Archangel had been engaged upon his missionary labours with great fruit of souls for a couple of years, an edict of banishment under pain of death was issued by the King against all the Catholic clergy. The Capuchin withdrew for a while to England, where he was less known. One day, however, he chanced to meet an Anglican Bishop riding with a train of followers. Amongst them happened to be the very Calvinist minister whom he had encountered at his mother's table. The recognition was mutual, a troop of

<sup>1</sup> To be quite accurate, they both fainted twice over, the mother being the first to recover herself. When they once more embraced, they promptly swooned again, or as the biographer puts it, "per soprabondanza d'affetto stretti e ligati insieme tramortirono di nuovo." (p. 131.)

<sup>2</sup> "Una delle furie d'abisso haveva assalito il suo cuore e con ceraste appestate gl'andava livida consumando à poco à poco le viscere." (p. 134.)

twenty-five horsemen was at once detached to arrest him, but he escaped with the loss of his baggage, which included his manuscripts and a chalice. Some time after this he was recalled to Rome by his superiors to justify himself against certain charges that had been made against him before the Congregation of Propaganda. He was said to have been too free in his manner of life and to have taken undue advantage of the opportunity of residing with his family. Returning at once to France he laid aside with joy his sword and his brave attire, and resumed the habit of a Capuchin. In Italy he found the plague raging, and while he devoted himself to the service of the infected, he received from the General of his Order the notification that he had been entirely acquitted of the charges made against him. It was at this juncture that he was named Guardian of San Giorgio in the diocese of Fermo, and there met the Archbishop who eventually became his biographer.<sup>1</sup> Both Mgr. Rinuccini and an Oratorian Father named Pica seem to have fallen under the spell of Father Archangel's eloquence, and to them at their request he recounted the history of his life as given above. He told them further, in answer to inquiries about his mother, an incident which, so far as chronology goes, it is difficult to correlate with the rest of the story. We must suppose it to have happened while he was in England and before he was recalled by his superiors. His mother's conversion to the Catholic faith had become known, and had entailed the confiscation of all her property. To such an extent was she impoverished that she was forced to support herself by her needle. The son thereupon made influence at the French Court, where he was known, and thus obtained letters from Charles I. which eventually, but only after long delay, restored his mother to the possession of her landed property.

Meanwhile he determined, for her consolation, to pay her a visit. He disguised himself as a gardener with vegetables to sell, and having with difficulty effected an entrance within the walls of Monymusk, he three times made the round of the streets crying aloud, "Buy my greens," in the hope that he might discover his mother's abode. The ruse was successful, but in

<sup>1</sup> The occasion of their meeting was in connection with some supposed supernatural appearances of lights over a church. The account which the Archbishop gives of this occurrence (pp. 193—198) shows that he must have been a very credulous person, though at the same time undoubtedly a man of great piety.



the very midst of a most pathetic interview the pursuivants descended upon his mother's poor little cottage, and it was only by great presence of mind that the pretended gardener was able to escape arrest. With this episode the narrative ends. The Archbishop, it is true, tells us of his deep admiration for Father Archangel, he mentions the order addressed to the Capuchin to return to the Scotch mission, and he quotes at length a letter received from him on the eve of his embarkation at Leghorn, but beyond the fact that Father Archangel died within two years of arriving at his destination, Rinuccini declares that all his efforts to obtain news of him had proved quite unavailing.

This is the version of the story as it appears in the first printed copies, and since two editions at least saw the light in Italy in 1644, the year before his mission to Ireland, with the Archbishop's name attached to them, there can be no doubt that even if not penned by Rinuccini himself, the book was fathered upon him with his full sanction.<sup>1</sup> But this original version must be very carefully distinguished from the later form of the story, as we read it, for example, in the volume brought out, in 1882, by Père Richard, and followed in the article in the *American Catholic Quarterly*. Of the former presentment it may be said that it is just conceivable that the substance of the story might be true. With regard to the latter there is no means of escaping the conclusion that a considerable portion of the narrative is a deliberate fabrication. Of course Père Richard and the author of the article are not themselves the fabricators. They have only copied what they found in books of older date, but they have none the less committed themselves to things which are not only highly improbable but absolutely impossible. I must be contented with only one or two examples. The enlarged version of the Life of Father Archangel professes to give the story of his second mission after leaving Rinuccini in 1633. According to this, he and his companion, Father Epiphanius, sailing from Calais, encountered a terrible storm which drove them out of their course and

<sup>1</sup> I fully agree with Mr. Law that there is no reason for doubting that it is really Rinuccini's. The writer of the biography reveals many traits of his own character and these indications are entirely in agreement with what we know of Rinuccini from the memoirs of his Irish mission. If we may trust our authorities, a certain Jesuit Father, Father William Christie, believed that a fellow-Jesuit (Andrew Leslie) had written it. But he seems not to have known of the early editions published in Rinuccini's lifetime.



eventually wrecked them on the shores of the Isle of Wight. Here the Capuchins convert two of their fellow passengers and by a most wonderful accident fall in with one of Father Archangel's step-brothers.<sup>1</sup> As the *American Quarterly* tells the tale:

He had come to the Isle of Wight to see the King, to beg him to continue to the family the protection he had afforded their mother and permission to have a priest to officiate for the household. The Mayor of Newport, imagining the three travellers, the two Capuchins and young Forrey [*sic*], were spies, had them arrested and put in irons. The King sent for them on his return from a hunt, and having made themselves and their mission known—Charles I. recognizing in the pseudo-merchant the former interpreter to the Spanish envoy—promised to accede to their petition, and extended to them the hospitality of his royal residence during their sojourn, admitting them daily to his table and sending them away with an autograph passport and letters confirmatory of the privileges granted to Father Archangel's family.<sup>2</sup>

Upon all this I cannot do better than quote the concise and trenchant criticism of Mr. T. G. Law:

Charles the First never resided at Newport in the lifetime of Archangel. There is nothing more to be said on the matter. The whole Isle of Wight episode is a deliberate fiction from beginning to end.<sup>3</sup>

The Calendars of State Papers for all these years have been published, and it is easy from them to trace the King's movements and to satisfy oneself of the correctness of the statement just made. I might add that supposing that Father Archangel did ever come to England in the train of a Spanish Ambassador, Inojosa's embassy of 1623 must have been the one which he joined. When that reached England, Prince Charles was absent in Madrid, and as it was several months before he returned to his own country, the chances are that Father Archangel could never have made his acquaintance. Not to linger further upon this second and more extravagant version of the Life, it may be sufficient to point out, among many other inaccuracies, that the title of Count which it gives to George Leslie the Capuchin and to James his father is absolutely

<sup>1</sup> The later and enlarged biographies do not leave Father Archangel's half-brother nameless, as Rinuccini does, but give him an impossible title, the Baron of Torrey.

<sup>2</sup> *American Catholic Quarterly*, January, 1908, p. 55.

<sup>3</sup> *Scottish Review*, July, 1891, p. 98.

unwarranted. In the words of the historian of the Leslie family :

There was no Count Leslie for a considerable time after Father Archangel was born. The first Count of the name was Count Walter, son of John Leslie, tenth Baron of Balquhain, created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire by the Emperor Ferdinand III., March 15th, 1637.<sup>1</sup>

Returning to the primitive and less extravagant biography in the form in which it was penned by Rinuccini, I venture to say that no one who studies the Italian text can fail to notice its resemblance as a composition to the Euphuistic literature current all over Europe at the close of the reign of Elizabeth. There are whole sections of it which read like chapters from the *Diana* of Montemayor and the other kindred romances which were then so much in vogue. The very artificiality of the whole setting at once creates a prejudice against its historical character. You feel instinctively that the writer would not hesitate for a moment to sacrifice accuracy, if he saw his way to make one additional rhetorical point. It must be remembered that the clearly marked distinction which exists in our day between fiction and history was by no means so clearly defined then. There were chroniclers who at every stage seemed to have their eye on the emotions of the possible reader, and the booklet we are discussing emphatically belongs to this class. In point of fact we learn that in a few years' time the *Cappuccino Scozzese* was turned into a play.

All these circumstances being duly considered, it is not wonderful to find that from the very first, in spite of its great vogue, the Life of Father Archangel, taken as a record of facts, was regarded with suspicion. Of the historical existence of this Capuchin missionary there is no room for doubt, and he seems, as we learn from a brief notice in Dempster's *Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Scottorum* (1627),<sup>2</sup> to have been an eloquent preacher, but we nowhere find any contemporary allusions to him which would bear out the description of his biographer that he was a man remarkable for learning, piety, and nobility of

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Charles Leslie, *Historical Records of the Family of Leslie* (1869), iii. 417.

<sup>2</sup> On one point Dempster, a contemporary, is in flat contradiction with the Life. He declares that Father Archangel entered the Capuchin Order in Flanders. (*Hist. Eccles.* ii. p. 445.) This seems to be confirmed by the appearance of his name, in 1608, on the lists of the Scotch College at Douai.

birth, who created a great impression at the Courts of England and France. On the contrary, those who knew the Scotch mission and who read Rinuccini's biography, seem to have been considerably puzzled. Colonel Leslie (a Catholic), the author of the *Historical Records of the Family of Leslie*, published in 1869, quotes from a letter written by a Jesuit Father, William Christie, in 1653. In this the Father remarks that Father Archangel "was a very zealous man, but that little more could be said of him, and that he died in his mother's poor house just over the river Dee." Further, while expressing his opinion that the book entitled *The Scotch Capuchin* was a pure romance, he alludes to the scandal caused by the book among "all those in our country, Catholics and heretics, who did know him," and appeals to the fuller knowledge of a certain Father Thomson.<sup>1</sup> The impression made upon the author or authors of the work called *Laurus Lesleiana* must have been very similar. The writers remark that Rinuccini seems to have been more intent on producing an elegant composition than upon the accuracy of his facts.<sup>2</sup>

What is particularly interesting is the judgment passed upon the Life as long ago as 1869 by Colonel Charles Leslie himself, who was both a Catholic and intimately acquainted with the family records which he edited. He shows that the mansion house and property of Monymusk, near Aberdeen, was never in the possession of the Leslies. The house was built by Duncan Forbes before 1587, and it remained permanently in the hands of the Forbeses until 1710. Hence the manor could never have belonged to James or George Leslie, and it is practically impossible that the latter could have been born and brought up there as in his father's house.<sup>3</sup> From all this Colonel Leslie concludes :

<sup>1</sup> Leslie, *Historical Records*, vol. iii. p. 418. Gordon, *Scotichronicon*, iii. p. 574. For this last reference I am indebted to the kindness of Father W. Forbes Leith.

<sup>2</sup> Joannes de Baccarn . . . in secundam uxorem accepit Joannam Wood, quae prius nupta Jacobo Leslie de Peeterstoune ei pepererat Georgium illum, qui cum Archangelii nomine assumpto Capucinatorum institutum secutus esset, vitam eius integro libello elegantissime descripsit Illustrissimus Archiepiscopus et Princeps Fermanus, Joannes Baptista Rinuccinus, sub titulo *Il Capucino Scozzese* quo tamen in opusculo plus ostendendae nonnunquam eloquentiae, quam quoad circumstantias asserendae veritati studuisse videtur. Haec secunda Joannis de Baccarn conjux ei genuit Franciscum Capitaneum, et Gulielmum. (*Laurus Leslaeana*, 1692, § 125.)

<sup>3</sup> *Historical Records*, vol. iii. pp. 433—435. In 1626 William Forbes was created a baronet by patent, and this patent was addressed to "Domino Willelmo Forbes de Monymusk."

It is unnecessary to point out the many other evident errors in the Archbishop's work. As has been mentioned, it is not at all certain that the Archbishop of Fermo was the author of the *Life of Father Archangel*.<sup>1</sup> From the want of dates and the general style of the book, it seems to have been written as a pious romance, founded probably on the narrations given by Father Archangel of his adventures in Scotland to his Capuchin brethren during his stay in Italy. This view seems to be corroborated by the fact that the work was dramatized and published in Rome in 1673.<sup>2</sup>

In the face of this unequivocal expression of opinion I was at first tempted to think very badly of the good faith of the writer of the article in the *American Catholic Quarterly*, seeing that he quoted Colonel Leslie's volume in another matter when it served his purpose, but at the same time abstained from giving any hint of the most damaging criticisms which that writer directed against the veracity of the *Life*. It appeared, however, upon closer inspection that the author of the article could never have seen Colonel Leslie's volumes, but was only quoting them at second hand from Père Richard. The responsibility of suppressing Colonel Leslie's testimony, therefore, lies further back, but whoever it rests with, I may perhaps be allowed to say that it does not strike me as a very creditable proceeding.

In 1891, Mr. T. G. Law published a demolition of the *Cappuccino Scozzese*, which was still more effective, though largely based on Colonel Leslie's facts.

Mere exaggeration in details [he says], such as picturing the diminutive village of Monymusk with gates and guards, thousands of inhabitants and streets through which Archangel walked three times might be set down to the ignorance or fancy of foreign biographers, but the falsity of the narrative does not lie in such details. It affects the very essence of the history. It is enough to say here that Monymusk house was never in possession of any member of the Leslie family.

But to take away Monymusk from the life of Archangel, is obviously to destroy the whole fabric of the story. Its romance vanishes and with it the character of the teller.

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Leslie, like several other writers who have raised this doubt, was evidently unaware that *Il Cappuccino Scozzese* was printed many times in Italy with Rinuccini's name during its reputed author's lifetime.

<sup>2</sup> *American Catholic Quarterly*, January, 1908, p. 49, note. The play appeared under the title, "*Il Cappuccino Scozzese in Scena, con la seconda parte e sua morte non ancor mai piu stampata. Data in luce dal Signor Francesco Rozzi d'Alatri. In Roma per il Mancini, 1673.*"

With regard to the origin of the fiction Mr. Law is of opinion that Archbishop Rinuccini is not primarily to blame and in this I am inclined to agree with him though the matter is not very clear.

There is no reason [he says] to suppose that the Archbishop and Father Pica were guilty of uttering and disseminating a deliberate fiction. They can have had no motive for doing so. But their evident simplicity and credulity may have tempted the friar, a clever, plausible, and apparently vain man, to give to his family a social position and wealth which they never had, and to make himself the hero of romantic episodes which had no existence except in his own dreams.<sup>1</sup>

No doubt there is much to be said for this view, but although I have headed this paper "A Bogus Biography," I am personally inclined to think that in Rinuccini's unexpanded narrative there is a rather larger substratum of truth than Mr. Law seems to allow. Apart from touches of true local colouring, such as the fire in August and other details which I have not dwelt upon, the agreement of Rinuccini's account of Father Archangel's coming to England with the circumstances of the mission of Inojosa seems to me rather remarkable. I am not even clear that he did not find his mother at Monymusk. The biographer's misconceptions regarding that tiny hamlet are perhaps sufficiently explained by the fact that his informant may have used the word *castello*, meaning to describe the manor house as Monymusk Castle. But *castello* in Italian more commonly means a walled town, and it seems to me that I detect a vacillation between these two interpretations in Rinuccini's own pages. Further, it is a curious thing that though Monymusk in the seventeenth century belonged to the Forbeses, we have evidence that John, the second son of Forbes of Monymusk, married the widow of a Leslie, and it is strangely added that that widow's son by her first marriage had gone away to foreign parts and had not been heard of any more.<sup>2</sup> Can it be that Father Archangel's mother and half-brothers, who are not named in Rinuccini's original narratives at that time, bore the names of Forbes? It may be added that the Forbeses at this time held the barony of Torrey, which

<sup>1</sup> *Scottish Review*, July, 1891, p. 94.

<sup>2</sup> *Laurus Leslieana*, § xv. I might add that Father Archangel's letter to Colonel Sempill, printed in Leslie's *Historical Records*, confirms the fact and circumstances of his recall.

would explain the name given to the half-brother by the later biographers. But even admitting the possibility of this, there must be great confusion, as the Christian names do not tally, and in any case we must admit that most of this vindication is pure conjecture.

How uncritically the whole material has been treated in modern times may be shown by a very slight circumstance. The writer in the *American Catholic Quarterly*, following closely in the steps of Père Richard's modern biography, attaches much importance to the intercourse between George Leslie and the distinguished Capuchin, Father Angelo de Joyeuse. It was the latter according to all the accounts whose conversation and example in Rome attracted the young Scotchman to the Capuchin Order. It was also to Father Angelo that he first confided his desire of being received as a friar, and the same holy Religious in due course presented the young candidate to the General of the Capuchins. A difficulty however arose on the ground of certain Bulls which prohibited the Order to receive converts from heresy. Father Angelo made light of the objection, but the General hesitated. Thereupon,

George Leslie, meanwhile, felt prompted during prayer to appeal to the Pope, to whom he tearfully told the story of his conversion and heard from the lips of the Holy Father the consoling words: "Very good, my child. Go at once to the Father General of the Capuchins; tell him in Our name that We admit you into his Order." The General on receiving the Papal mandate, exclaimed: "Blessed be God! I need no other evidence to know what Heaven requires of me." He embraced the new novice, to whom he gave the name of Archangel, &c. This took place in 1591, when the Most Rev. Father Jerome of Politio was General and when George Leslie was seventeen.<sup>1</sup>

Unfortunately for this chronology, Archbishop Rinuccini in the authentic text of his history (I have consulted both the first edition of 1644 and another of 1645, both of which lie before me), has ventured in connection with this episode to give us a definite indication of the date. He declares that the Pope in question was Paul V.,<sup>2</sup> and adds details which show that he was not writing this Pontiff's name by any inadvertence.

<sup>1</sup> *American Catholic Quarterly*, January, 1908, p. 35. Cf. Richard, *Le Comte Georges de Leslie*, pp. 57—60.

<sup>2</sup> "Sedeva allhora nella cattedra suprema Paolo Quinto di gloriosa memoria. A questo Pontefice fra gli altri tributi di lode eresse il Cristianesimo obligato due simulacri nel cuore di ciascheduno," &c. (p. 42, edit. 1644; p. 36, 1645).



Moreover the Archbishop is equally precise in saying that the Capuchin Father General at the time was not Jerome of Politio, as mentioned in the above extract, but Jerome Feretti.<sup>1</sup> Now, as we know that Paul V. did not become Pope until 1605, and Father Angelo de Joyeuse was only in Rome during his Pontificate in 1608, there can be no doubt that Rinuccini had this latter year clearly in mind. In other words we find Père Richard and the writer in the *American Catholic Quarterly* in flat contradiction with the only contemporary authority for Father Archangel's history. Neither can it easily be said that Rinuccini was mistaken as to the Pope who admitted this Scottish lad of seventeen into the Capuchin Order. Rinuccini had had long talks with Father Archangel and had learnt this story from his own lips. Surely it was impossible that the Archbishop could have been so wrong in his dates as to think that young Leslie was only seventeen in 1608, when he really had been seventeen in 1591. It was at the close of 1633 that Rinuccini made his acquaintance. Can we suppose that the Archbishop believed him to be forty-three, when in reality he was a man of sixty? Further, the Archbishop goes into precise details about the interview with Paul V., which Père Richard in his large octavo has thought well for some reason or other to pass over entirely in silence.

In coming into the presence of the Pope, says the early biographer, the would-be novice had piously imagined to himself that he was passing from the outer temple into the Holy of holies.

What wonder then [he goes on] if Heaven opened itself to him and showed him some of its most marvellous effects. Having been introduced into the chamber of the Pope, as soon as he raised his eyes to make his prostration to him (*subito che alzò lo sguardo per adorarlo*) he was dazzled with an extraordinary radiance. The room appeared to him more luminous than the sun and he believed that the brightest rays of light were chosen to form a tiara for the majesty of that honoured head. Such was the account that he often gave in after-years of this audience when he was called upon to do so by obedience, and to me, who had thoughts of illuminating posterity also with the fact, he confirmed its truth with an oath.

Whatever be the precise proportion of truth contained in the Life of Father Archangel in any of its various developments, it

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* p. 46. Strictly speaking, the Capuchins at this time had only a General-Vicar, not a General.



must surely be agreed on all hands that the story, pending the production of more reliable evidence, must remain grievously suspect. *Magnum est mendacium et praevalet*, Mr. Law cynically comments at the conclusion of his trenchant essay. In such matters as the story of Maria Monk, and in other controversial fictions of similar character, we have too often reason to acknowledge the truth of this remark. Assuredly therefore it befits us Catholics to set an example of scrupulous honesty in the use we ourselves may make of such doubtful or unhistorical materials as the Life of Father Archangel Leslie.

HERBERT THURSTON.

## *The Fall of an Angel.*

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"By that sin fell the Angels."

Henry VIII., iii. 2.

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### I.

"GREAT Scott! That Friar has the face of an angel!"

The words escaped Paul Travers involuntarily, and the Franciscan, who was doing the honours of the convent to the newly-arrived Englishman, regarded him with an amused smile.

"His brother novices call him 'Fra Angelico,'" he remarked, in English. "They see the resemblance too!"

"And his real name, what is that?" asked Paul eagerly, rather surprised at his own suddenly-aroused interest. It took more than a bare-footed friar to awaken it as a rule. Besides, he had seen so many—some clean, some dirty—in sunny Italy, and here and there he had come across one or two who might have acted as models to the old Umbrian painters for a St. Antony of Padua, with their child-like eyes and innocent expressions. But, so he told himself as he watched this youth who bore the *sobriquet* of "Fra Angelico," there was intellect, as well as beauty, in those clearly cut features. There was also pride. It was the face of Lucifer, radiant and beautiful, before his fall, rather than Gabriel.

"His name in Religion is Fra Antonio," said the Friar, in reply to his visitor's question. "And in the world Luigi Falconaro."

"What does he do?" inquired Paul Travers, abruptly.

His companion looked at him in astonishment. He was an elderly man, with a placid, patient expression and the eyes of a dreamer—of one who watches life's comedy from the stalls in preference to playing an active part before the footlights.

"Do?" he echoed, vaguely. "I—I do not understand."

"What is his special line, his *métier*? When he is not at his prayers? That is your chief occupation up here, I suppose?"

The Friar smiled.

"He paints very well, and so he should, for his talent is inherited. His grandfather was a famous artist in Rome, and during recreation he is sometimes allowed to paint frescoes in the cloisters."

"Let me see them," said Paul quickly. "I know a good deal about painting myself."

"By all means," returned the Friar, and he led the way to the cloisters. Paul stood in silence for a moment, gazing at an unfinished fresco of the Madonna surrounded by saints, which adorned one of the walls. The colours gleamed out from the grey stone, vivid and satisfying—the celestial blue of Mary's mantle, the gold of the encircling haloes, the faint rose and amethystine hues of the saints' robes. And there was not only colour to rejoice the eyes. The conception and the drawing were admirable, and the features and expression of the Virgin Mother recalled some of the most inspired moments of Perugino.

"And that boy I saw painted that?" exclaimed Paul, his face alight with enthusiasm. "Why, he is thrown away up in these wilds—absolutely wasted!"

"We look at things from a different point of view, Signore," was the calm reply he received. "God gave him this talent, and he is using it—in these wilds, as you describe them—for His greater glory. Was not Fra Angelico a Friar?"

"Oh, yes—yes," said Paul, with a slight trace of irritation in his tone. "That is the way you and your sort would look at it, I know, but as a layman and a man of the world I must say it seems to me a crying shame that such a gift should be buried in a cell! Why, if that boy was trained he would be one of the first painters in Europe. And I know what I am talking about. Is he contented with his life here?" he added, quickly.

"He has a vocation, Signore, if you can at all realize what that means. You—excuse me—you are a Protestant yourself, I suppose?"

Paul Travers shrugged his shoulders.

"You may leave it at that, *padre mio*!" he said. "I am nominally, I suppose, but it would puzzle me considerably to put what creed I *do* believe in into words. By vocation, I conclude you mean that this boy imagines he is called upon to

renounce nearly everything that renders existence tolerable, and to lead a life in direct opposition, more or less, to all the laws of nature?"

There was a shade of pity in the Franciscan's smile.

"We do not speak the same language," he said, "even when we are both talking English. Fra Antonio's vocation is a very real thing. I have known some—I have been Novice Master in my time—that were, as you say, all imagination, the result of over-strung nerves or a weak physical condition, but there is nothing of that sort about Luigi Falconaro. He is strong, mentally, morally, and physically, and what he does he will do thoroughly."

"Strong, yes," murmured Paul, half to himself, "and with the ambition of Lucifer, if I am any judge of physiognomy! And so you think he is content?" he added, turning to his companion.

The Friar's thin ascetic lips closed together with an inscrutable expression.

"I did not say whether he was content or not," he replied, quietly. "I said he had a vocation; that is a different matter."

Paul stared at him for a second in bewildered silence.

"But," he began, "surely——" And then the bell rang for Vespers, and with a few hurried words of excuse the Friar left him. Paul Travers felt unusually alert and interested in life as he retraced his steps down the long, dusty road with trees on either side of it, which led to the little inn at Montefalcho. This Umbrian village, besides being far removed from the beaten track of touristdom, offers a veritable feast of frescoes to the lovers of art, and it was on account of both these reasons that Paul had elected to break off from his travelling companions and spend ten days or so in the solitude which his soul loved. Most men in that isolated situation would have felt the want of some one with whom to exchange ideas, but Paul was quite content with his own society, and would indeed have willingly dispensed with the river of talk poured out upon him at every available opportunity by the loquacious and smiling landlady of the "Posta." He had come to this remote spot to steep himself in the glowing tints of Benozzo Gozzoli, and the unfading loveliness which Perugino has bestowed upon posterity, and he could do this best when undistracted by the presence of his fellow-men.

At twenty-eight, with riches and leisure at his disposal, he

found himself, as he expressed it, "at a loose end." He was practically alone in the world, and marriage had not, so far, ever entered into his programme for the future. Lately, however, he had begun to feel the want of some special interest and purpose in his life, and to-day, after his visit to the Friars, it seemed as though it lay almost within his grasp. Would he be able to grasp it? That was the question, and it was weighing on his mind the following afternoon, when, after a morning spent among frescoes, he again turned his steps in the direction of the Franciscan convent.

On his arrival, he was told that his guide of the day before was engaged, but that one of the novices, who spoke a little English, should be sent for to accompany him to the church and round the cloisters. And when, in a few moments, he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, it was with the conviction that the Fates were playing into his hands that he recognized the slim, upright form and clearly-cut features of Fra Antonio.

II.

"Where is your *protégé* to-night, Paul?"

It was a warm June evening, and Lady Dashwood's flower-decked rooms were crowded, for besides the new Hungarian tenor, whom it was so difficult to get hold of, "Blanche Blair," from the "Halls," just engaged to the most eligible peer in London, was going to sing the identical song which,—so said report,—had won his heart, "Maimie in my Motor."

Paul Travers subsided into a low seat beside his questioner.

"He will be here presently, I expect. You must restrain your impatience for a few moments and talk to me instead. I may not be so good to look at, but I assure you my conversational powers are far superior."

Mrs. St. John laughed and leant back in her chair with a little shrug of her white shoulders. She was a handsome woman of thirty-eight, with a pair of flashing dark eyes, which she used very effectively, and carefully arranged masses of reddish brown hair, the tint which fashion had that season claimed as its own. Her complexion, however, of "cream and carnations"—as a poetically-inclined youth had once described it—owed absolutely nothing of its beauty to art, notwithstanding the plainly-expressed convictions of her feminine acquaintances on this widely-discussed point.

"It is not necessary he should be able to talk with a face

like that," she remarked languidly; "besides, his eyes are eloquent enough for anything!"

"Especially when they are looking at you!" retorted Paul.

"Well?" she asked lightly. "Have you any objection?"

Paul considered the question for a moment in silence.

"N—o, not altogether," he returned reflectively. "If he is to be made a fool of, and I suppose it is unavoidable under the circumstances, I prefer the operation being performed by some one whom it is impossible for him to marry. Marriage would ruin his career."

"And supposing I was a widow?" inquired Mrs. St. John, a demure smile on her red lips.

"I should say exactly the same. No great artist ought to marry. The petty details and jars of domestic life play the deuce with their powers of creation, and the wife is a perpetual drag on the wheel. It's unpleasant for her too, as a rule, not that that signifies so much."

"You are frankness itself, and if—if some day he does marry—one of his models, perhaps, or a Society girl—there are one or two who are already inclined that way, I know for a fact—what would you do then?"

"Practically, I suppose," said Paul, slowly, "I could do nothing. He is independent of me now; in fact, he has 'caught on' to such an extent during the last two years that he could, if it pleased him, afford the luxury of marrying for love. But I don't think he will, somehow; at present you have him in your toils, and besides——" He paused, and his companion flashed a scrutinizing glance at him from under her long lashes.

"Why don't you want him to marry?" she asked abruptly. "Your real reason, I mean: there is something else besides the ruin of his career and all that sort of thing."

Paul turned to look at her, a whimsical smile in his deeply-set eyes.

"That was rather sharp of you, Laura," he said approvingly. "But, 'pon my word, I hardly know myself! Man is a complex being, and the vague idea that is in the background of my mind is so extremely unlike me that you would call me a sentimental idiot if I were to put it into words. And sentiment is not at all in my line, is it?"

"Oh, one never knows," said Mrs. St. John, lightly. "Still waters, you know! And besides, well—we have been intimate

for,—how many years, Paul? rather more than I care to count!—but after all I sometimes feel that I know very little of you!”

“You do, my dear Laura, extremely little,” was his somewhat unexpected reply. “You may console yourself, however, by the reflection that further knowledge might not prove to be worth the trouble of acquiring. But, talk of an angel,”—and he smiled to himself as the words rose to his lips,—“here comes Falconaro!”

Laura St. John looked up quickly. A tall young man with lustrous dark eyes, and features that were as clearly cut as those of a cameo, was making his way somewhat slowly through the crowd, his progress considerably impeded by the welcoming words of greeting that were being showered upon him from every side.

Luigi Falconaro had “arrived.” At the age of twenty-six, his name was very much before the public, he was paragraphed in all the papers, and Society—with a big S—flocked to the exhibition of his pictures in Bond Street. And that is fame, according to the gospel of the twentieth century.

When he finally succeeded in escaping from his admirers—mostly of the feminine gender—he made straight for the corner where Paul and his companion had secluded themselves.

“At last!” he murmured in the low, well-modulated voice which was not amongst the least of his charms. “I was so afraid you might have left before I could get here.”

Except for a slight trace of foreign accent his English was almost perfect.

“Which of us?” asked Paul with a glance of affectionate mockery at his friend. “I am here all right, but Mrs. St. John is just going on to the Frere’s ball.”

“Oh, not yet, surely!” exclaimed the artist, and his eyes were very eloquent as they rested on Laura’s face. “Do stay a little longer. I have not seen you since yesterday!”

Paul rose with a laugh.

“That settles the question of which of us it is you want!” he said, “so I shall efface myself. See you later, Gigi.”

Moved with a word or two of farewell to Mrs. St. John, he moved away. As he hailed a hansom and was driven rapidly in the direction of his rooms in Victoria Street, he was conscious of a feeling of dissatisfaction, which, analyzed to its source, proved to have arisen at the sight of the eloquence in Luigi’s eyes as he gazed down at Laura St. John.



The angel had fallen from his high estate—yes, but that was on account of ambition, an ambition which—thanks to him, Paul Travers—had since been abundantly fulfilled. There was no necessity for the further fall, into far lower depths, which would inevitably result if the young man's passion for a married woman were allowed to reach its logical conclusion. The pride of Lucifer, "star of the morning," held its own, as formerly, amongst the varying expressions of Luigi Falconaro's countenance, but, so it seemed to Paul, there still remained traces of the purity which had shone in the eyes of Fra Antonio, the Franciscan novice. And something within Paul Travers—some feeling which he could neither account for nor explain—prompted him to regret the probable loss of that purity. It was illogical, he told himself. His own persuasive words and magnetic influence, in addition to the boy's absorbing devotion to art, had been the cause of the latter's abandoning what he believed to be his vocation in favour of a worldly career. Was it possible, therefore, that he, the petted idol of the hour, run after by women and envied by men, would be strong enough to resist the daily temptations of such an existence, and retain unspotted "the white flower of a blameless life"? Paul's commonsense, joined to his extensive experience of the seamy side of human nature, answered this question in the negative, and yet—deep in his innermost *ego*, lurked the hope that Laura St. John would for once be defrauded of her prey.

It was an hour later that Luigi joined him, and his first glance at the young artist's expression told him that something was wrong.

"What is it, my boy?" he asked tenderly.

Luigi flung himself into a chair and groaned.

"It is all over, Paolo *mio*!" he exclaimed. "She—she has deceived me!"

An inward exultation took possession of Paul's mind.

"Deceived you! What do you mean?" he said.

"What I say—deceived me!" replied Luigi vehemently. His face was pale, and the pupils of his eyes dilated to twice their usual size.

"She has led me on—you have seen it yourself for many weeks—with her false smiles, and her sweet words and lowered glances, and now—now, when I tell her all she is to me, and demand as my right her love in return, she—she laughs at me!"

Paul raised his eyebrows as he leant forward listening intently. This was not at all what he had expected to hear.

"But, my dear boy," he began, "I cannot see where your rights come in! Mrs. St. John *has* a husband, though I am not surprised at you—and others—being slightly oblivious of the fact. She has flirted with you, that is quite true, but so have a good many other women, and you yourself, my young friend, are rather apt to raise hopes in feminine breasts which you have no intention of fulfilling!"

Luigi started up with an impatient gesture, and began to pace restlessly up and down the room.

"Other women!" he exclaimed, "what are they to me? You know well that from the moment I first saw her false face I have been her slave. Even my art, my beloved art, was not so much to me when she was near, and now, oh, this is too much!"

Paul regarded him curiously for an instant and words, heard long ago and half forgotten, flashed once more across his mind, "Falconaro is strong, what he does he will do thoroughly."

Who was it who had said that? Why, of course, how vividly the scene rose before him—it was the Friar at Montefalcho with the face of a dreamer, the Friar whose eyes had later flashed with indignation as he told him that he was playing the devil's part and leading a soul astray.

"Gigi!" he said abruptly. "Tell me, have you any regrets?" Luigi paused in his rapid walk and looked at him vaguely.

"Regrets!" he echoed, "I shall always regret. You are mocking me, my friend!"

Paul crossed over to him and put his hand on his shoulder.

"I am not talking of Laura St. John. Believe me, she is not worth your sorrow; it is she, and her class, who make men, weak men, the beasts they sometimes are. But you are strong, Luigi *mio*! No, what I want you to tell me is whether you ever regret the past—the past of seven years ago when you were a barefooted novice painting frescoes in the cloisters of San Fortunato?"

The artist threw out his arms with an eloquent gesture.

"Why do you torment me?" he exclaimed, "you, whom I have loved all these years! I will tell you the truth, Paul. There have been times when the world was smiling on me, and those around me were envying me for my talent and my good fortune, and my soul has been in hell!"

Paul stared at him aghast.

"I—I thought you had forgotten," he stammered. Luigi turned to him with a smile which lit up his face like a ray of sunshine.

"I do not reproach you, *amico mio!*" he said. "I owe you more than I can repay, and through you I have enjoyed intense happiness, but when I am alone sometimes, or at night when I lie awake and count the hours till morning, I hear a voice in my ears which denounces me as the traitor I am!"

"Oh, but that is absurd, my dear boy," said Paul soothingly. "The whole thing is very simple, and I only asked out of idle curiosity. More fool I!" he added internally. "You found you had been mistaken in imagining you had a vocation, and in that case you were free to choose another career. And look how you have succeeded! Surely you can take that as a sign."

Luigi shook his head.

"You are not a Catholic," he said, "and you do not look at it from our standpoint. I have been careless in my religion but my faith has never left me, and I know that my success is no sign. Rather otherwise, perhaps. God often gives prosperity, and their heart's desire in this world to those whom He knows He will have to punish in the next. Paul," and his voice sank to a whisper, "did you never hear of an iron vocation?"

"No," returned Paul shortly. The situation was beginning to get upon his nerves, and he heartily repented the impulse which had prompted him to rake up the old ashes.

"It is a call to a higher life," went on Luigi, "which, implying as it does renunciation of all the joys of existence, fills the soul who hears it with a shrinking repulsion. They obey, but they shudder, and every step is taken—how do you say it,—against the collar. In ordinary cases, there is usually pleasure in following one's vocation, but in the exceptions like mine, the path leads always uphill; the devil whispers at one ear, and the voice of God and one's conscience at the other, and—, there is no peace anywhere!"

"It sounds deucedly uncomfortable!" said Paul with well-assumed levity. His one idea at present was to bring the conversation back to its normal level, but he saw by the light in Luigi's eyes that the task would be by no means an easy one. Even the lamentations of a disappointed passion would, he thought, be preferable to this exalted state of mind.

"We have wandered some way from Mrs. St. John," he remarked casually, as he poured some whiskey into a glass. "Have you broken with her altogether?"

Luigi drew a deep breath and his hands clenched themselves nervously on the back of a chair.

"Altogether!" he said solemnly. "With her, and—other things. I—I have been on the brink of a great sin—I see that now." And as he spoke he moved towards the door.

"Don't go, old chap," said Paul hurriedly. "The night is young yet; come and have a whiskey and soda, and let's talk of something else. What did you think of 'Blanche Blair'? There was a little too much of her generally for my taste!"

The artist's dark, expressive eyes were fixed upon his friend's face, but it seemed to Paul as though they were in reality gazing at something beyond him.

"No, I can't stay longer now," he said absently, "I,—I must go." As he reached the door he turned round with one of his old radiant smiles.

"Good-bye, *carissimo*, good-bye, and God bless you!"  
And he went out leaving Paul alone.

III.

The sudden disappearance, in the height of the season, of the popular young Italian artist was a nine days' wonder. If Laura St. John had been also missing—well, the problem would have presented fewer difficulties, but she was to be seen everywhere as usual, elaborately gowned, and followed by her customary train of gilded youth. In fact, she, as it appeared later, was quite as unable as anyone else to supply the word of the enigma.

"What on earth has become of him?" she demanded peremptorily, the first time she found herself alone with Paul Travers.

Paul looked at her gloomily. He felt that she was partially, if not entirely, responsible for Luigi's departure, and since that event the world had become strangely empty to him, and social duties a weariness of the flesh.

"Haven't the faintest idea," he said laconically.

"But aren't you going to do something about it? You seem to take it very quietly. I thought your friendship was a sort of modern David and Jonathan affair!"

Paul shrugged his shoulders. He knew very well what he

was going to do, and he also felt practically certain where Luigi would be found, but he did not feel inclined to admit the woman before him into his confidence.

"Why are you so concerned about him?" he asked. "I should have imagined, judging by past events, that if you were at all anxious to keep him in London you could have done so!"

A deeper shade of carnation tinted the cream of Laura's cheeks.

"What did he tell you?" she inquired abruptly.

"It was not necessary for him to tell me anything," replied Paul evasively. "The fact that he had lost his head about you has been pretty evident to everyone since the beginning of the season, and I must confess," he added with a satirical gleam in his eyes, "that I was rather surprised you let him go!" Mrs. St. John looked at him in unfeigned astonishment.

"My dear Paul," she exclaimed, "what else could I do? If he had been an Englishman—well, one might have temporized, but when a southerner gets an idea of that sort into his head, there are no half measures. He was a delightful boy, and a perfect joy to look at, but the man is not born for whom I would risk my position in society!"

"No," returned Paul with a meditative air, "I suppose not. I might have known."

And then as another man came up to claim her attention he left her. A week later he stood once more in the grey old cloister of San Fortunato, waiting for the English-speaking Friar. Outwardly, he was calm and collected as usual, but his heart was beating considerably quicker than its wont, and a sickening feeling of suspense had taken entire possession of him.

Footsteps approached and he saw his guide of seven years ago, a little older looking, a little greyer, but with the same peaceful placid expression of one who lives apart from the world. When he recognized Paul, however, his face darkened and a stern light shone in his eyes.

"Is Luigi Falconaro here?" asked Paul, without any conventional words of greeting.

A bewildered look crossed the Friar's features.

"Here!" he exclaimed. "What should he do here? It was you, Signore, acting the part of Satan, who took him from us, and you, if any one, should know where he is now."

Paul staggered, and a mist swam before his eyes.

"Not here!" he gasped, "then——" He broke off abruptly as the horror of a possible alternative flashed across his mind.

"Father," he said beseechingly, "tell me, are you only mocking me? I deserve your condemnation, I know, I—I should not have come between him and what he believed to be his vocation, but he is a great artist, as I told you he would be, and—and I loved him as a son; surely he is here!"

The Friar shook his head gravely, but with a softened expression.

"He is not here," he said. "We have neither seen nor heard anything of him since he went away with you, more than seven years ago, it must be now. Come, and I will send for wine, and you must tell me what has happened."

And Paul told the story of his friend's success, of how the world had raved about his pictures and himself, and how, in spite of the adulation showered upon him, he had remained the same sunny-natured boy, unspoilt, uncontaminated. He told him of the conversation he had had with him the night before his departure, and repeated, as nearly as he could recall them, the words he had made use of in describing his vocation.

The Friar listened in silence, his thin hands clasped together under his brown scapular.

"Yes," he said quickly, as Paul paused for an instant. "It was an iron vocation, poor boy. Do you remember how you asked me if he was content, and I answered you that a vocation did not invariably imply contentment? That was what I meant. Ambition was his ruling passion, and the devil made use of you, Signore, as an instrument for his fall." And then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he added abruptly, "Was there no woman in the case?"

Paul hesitated, wondering whether he would be justified in, as he mentally expressed it, "giving Luigi away."

"You had better tell me everything," said the Franciscan quietly. "It would have been a miracle if he had escaped being led away in that respect."

"It is not as bad as you imagine," said Paul, and he gave him a brief account of the artist's infatuation for Mrs. St. John. "It was that which brought things to a crisis, probably," he ended, "but I am convinced that our last talk together was the principal reason why he threw up everything and vanished!"

"If that is so," returned the Friar, "your words may this

time have wrought good to his soul instead of evil, and perhaps the sorrow you now feel in the loss of your friend will be accepted by God as expiation of the wrong you have done."

Paul rose.

"As you informed me before, *Padre mio*," he remarked, with a return to his usual calm manner, "we do not regard things from the same standpoint. I do not reproach myself with the results of my interference, though I admit that possibly it would have been better if I had left the boy alone. As it is, I will employ detectives to find him, and you shall hear of his whereabouts as soon as I do."

"God grant he is safe!" murmured the Friar, as he conducted his visitor to the convent door, and it was with a mind filled with gloomy forebodings that Paul returned to London and set in motion the machinery of Scotland Yard. Both time and money were spent lavishly in the search for the missing artist, but the final result was failure. Luigi Falconaro had vanished absolutely, leaving no trace behind him, and before very long society found some one else to "enthuse" over and talk about, and he was forgotten. Except by Paul Travers and the Franciscans of San Fortunato.

Some ten years later, in the midst of his desultory wanderings, Paul found himself in Rome. It was April, and the Italian springtime was weaving its magic spells over the "Eternal City." Paul had been sight-seeing in a casual way, without any premeditated programme, and passing the old Church of San Francesco di Ripa, in Trastevere, the associations connected with the name attracted him irresistibly, and he went in. A Friar, in the brown habit of St. Francis, who knelt before the altar, turned his head at the sound of footsteps, and Paul started forward with an exclamation of surprise.

"Gigi! Is it possible?"

The Friar rose from his knees and led the way into the sacristy.

"*Carissimo!*" he murmured, as he held both his friend's hands within his own. "God is very good to let us meet again!"

It was still the face of an angel—thought Paul, as he studied the features which he had feared he would never see again—but an angel who has been purified by suffering, and the light that shone in the lustrous eyes recalled the youthful novice of



San Fortunato. Luigi told him how after that night, when—writhing under a woman's laughter—he realized the brink upon which he stood, his one wish had been to escape from the world and its temptations, and expiate his fall in solitude. He had a friend in a Franciscan community in a remote village in France, and there, under another name, he had entered as a lay-Brother, and remained so, till one day the General of the Italian Franciscans came on a visit, and hearing his story, had ordered him to join a house of the Order in Rome, where later on he was ordained priest.

"I am preaching the 'Month of Mary' at San Carlo," he said, as Paul was reluctantly preparing to leave him, "will you come and hear me?"

"That I will, dear boy, and tell me, Gigi, are you content now at last? No more regrets?"

The old well-remembered smile lit up the Friar's face.

"More than content, *amico mio!*" he answered, "and—the iron has all melted away!"

On the 1st of May the Church of San Carlo in Corso was crowded with a large congregation, for the fame of "Fra Antonio" as an orator, as well as a painter, had been circulated far and wide. Paul Travers had placed himself as near the pulpit as possible, his eyes fixed on the beautiful and ascetic face of the man he had once compared to Lucifer, and he started involuntarily as the opening words of the discourse fell upon his listening ears—"By ambition fell the angels!"

GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

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### **Dr. Horton and ex-Abbé du Bellay.**

IN an article entitled, "A Study in Bigotry," in our last issue, it was pointed out that the charity which "thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth with the truth," was not the prevailing feature of Dr. Robert Horton's attack on Catholicism, published recently in *My Belief*, and we instanced, amongst other proofs of the fact, the credulous avidity with which he swallowed a certain story about the Inquisition, the utter silliness of which should have been its own sufficient refutation in a candid mind. We now learn, through the kindness of a correspondent, that the Doctor, while professing to quote the tale from the original source,<sup>1</sup> has taken his "facts" from a leaflet published (at 1s. per 100) by the *Women's Protestant Union*. For not all those "facts" are contained in the original article but some were "obligingly" communicated to the author of the leaflet by M. du Bellay himself. Dr. Horton *more suo*, "conflates" both sources and moreover exactly reproduces the mistakes and mis-spellings of the leaflet. That, however, in view of his other faults, is quite a minor peccadillo of the Doctor's, and does not interfere with the substantial accuracy of his reproduction. But the leaflet gives more details, both about du Bellay and his story, which we are sure will interest our readers. It appears that *France et Évangile* is (or was, for the paper has happily come to an end) "the organ of the ex-priests of France." The author of the articles on "La Curie Romaine," which started with the Inquisition, in January, 1905, is said to be "ex-Abbé G. du Bellay, who was one of the Secretaries of the Vatican Council of 1869-70, in the service of Mgr. Guibert, late Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, previously Archbishop of Tours."

<sup>1</sup> See *My Belief*, p. 32, "I have before me an article which appeared in *France et Évangile*," &c.

Here we may interpolate some remarks. We have not been able to procure a copy of *France et Évangile*, which was a small and little-known sheet: it seems to have vanished as completely as *La Bandera Catolica*. Even the *Women's Protestant Union* does not get the article at first-hand, but borrows it from an Italian translation in an anti-clerical organ, *La Voce d'Italia*. But inquiries made at Tours have revealed the fact that M. du Bellay was ordained shortly before 1870, was appointed *curé* of St. Etienne de Chigny in that diocese, later on threw up his office and went to America, where, to use rather an inexact phrase, he took a wife. On her death, four or five years ago, he returned to Tours, and, whilst ill in an hospital there, had an interview with the Archbishop. Since the appearance of his articles on *La Curie Romaine*, he has vanished again from Tours. Dr. Horton will suggest that the Inquisition has got him at last, but we prefer to hope that he has retired to some monastery to do penance for his life of scandal. One thing is certain—that he was never secretary to Mgr. Guibert, so that, if he were present at the Vatican Council, it must have been in the same way as he confesses he attended the meeting of the Inquisition held in the "convent of Minerva," viz., "as a hidden eavesdropper." So much for M. du Bellay. Let us now return to his story, some of the most exciting details of which Dr. Horton has withheld from us. After mentioning the 200,000 agents of every class employed all over the world by the Inquisition,<sup>1</sup> he gives details calculated to make the "Protestant Women's" flesh creep.

A predecessor of the present Archbishop of Canterbury had one of its agents for his (Benson's)<sup>2</sup> secretary, as was acknowledged by Cardinal Antonelli;<sup>3</sup> and M. de Lantscheere, then Belgian Minister of Justice, kept beside him another of those agents, who passed himself off as a Jesuit Father.

<sup>1</sup> In his letter to the author of the *Women's Protestant Union* leaflet, the ex-Abbé says: "The greater part of [the Inquisition's] 200,000 agents are in close touch with agents who keep an eye on what they are doing." Those agents, we presume, are watched by a further army, and so on, till we come to the twelve Dominicans who watch the lot! Certainly, du Bellay knew his public.

<sup>2</sup> This interpolation is in the original leaflet; whether due to du Bellay or not, we cannot say.

<sup>3</sup> Cardinal Antonelli died in 1876; Benson did not become Archbishop of Canterbury till 1882. But he may, of course, have acquired the habit of employing Inquisition agents long before his elevation.

Then comes one of those personal touches which give such *vraisemblance* to the most unlikely narratives.

One day, when dining at Tours with Monseigneur Fruchaud, the Archbishop said to me—although I was then but the humble *curé* of a small parish in Touraine—"My dear *curé*, I like you well, but I am never quite happy in your company: you know too much about the Roman Inquisition!"

"True, monseigneur," I replied, "and it would be enough for me to denounce you in order to your very soon having a successor!"

"It is a terrible system, all the same," he answered, with a melancholy air.

Which was intelligible under the circumstances, as all will allow.

Then the *modus operandi* of the "Seals," which must have puzzled our readers, is thus explained in answer to the queries of the *Women's Protestant Union* writer:

As for the white seal of which you ask an explanation, it is sent to the agent, when the person he has denounced is not thought worthy of death, and when it would be dangerous or impossible to secure his detention in a convent or prison for life (denoted by the grey seal). In that case certain steps are taken to have him visited by a doctor, who will certify him to be insane, and, the police accepting his testimony, the unhappy man is spirited off to an asylum, whence he never emerges again.

Instead of excitedly vociferating at this juncture—"Protestants of Great Britain and Ireland, continue your resistance to Rome, or your grand country will speedily sink to the level of Spain!"—the leafleteer might, we think, have reasonably asked M. du Bellay for a further explanation of those two weak points in the above process, the connivance of the doctor and the acquiescence of the police. He would have been reminded, no doubt, had he done so, of the 200,000 agents and the others who watch them. Amongst so many, there must be some medical men and some police-constables; Inquisition gold would do the rest!

After some details of the method of procedure in the case of ecclesiastics, who are allowed an appeal—surely this should have consoled the Archbishop of Tours—and laymen, who, although reigning princes, are condemned unheard, du Bellay mentions the harrowing case of the Statesman in Santa Fé

of Bogota, compelled by the fatal red seal to murder his Protestant daughter. We have already shuddered, with Dr. Horton, at that recital. Informations are sent in cipher, (just like Foreign Office reports,) which "can be read only by those who have the key,"—another proof that they are like other ciphers. It would be incredible, therefore, but for the testimony of M. du Bellay, that the further disguise of dog-Latin is used. *Antonius est in malo: orate pro eo*—which seems to us pretty fair Latin—is given as a sample denunciation, and carefully translated—*Anthony is in evil case: pray for him*. "These words," says the ex-Abbé, "unintelligible to the 'profane,' have a sinister meaning to the initiated," who straightway get the seals ready. "If the accused is condemned," we are further told, "the agent is sent, between two sheets of paper, all the three seals, in white, grey and red wax, and he well knows how to act. Woe betide him if he fails to do so! The red seal awaits himself!"

It seems, after all, a muddling way of doing business, and one that leaves a good deal to chance. We were previously told, as we saw last month, that the seals were attached severally to each document, but that was full two pages back, and liars, though they need good memories, have not always got them.

Having now realized more fully the sort of evidence against "Rome" on which Dr. Horton relies, we can the better estimate the pitiable mental incapacity, which is induced by a thorough acceptance of the great Protestant tradition.

J. K.

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#### "La Bandera Catolica" again.

In our April issue of this year we quoted a bloodthirsty expression of opinion regarding heretics and the fate due to them, which was going the rounds of the low-class Protestant agencies and was supposed to have been found in a Spanish newspaper, *La Bandera Catolica* or *The Catholic Standard*. Whilst repudiating on general grounds the sentiments thus ascribed to Catholics, we were unable to produce positive evidence whether of the non-existence of the paper or of its non-Catholicity. Since then, however, through the kindness of the editor of our scholarly contemporary, *The New Zealand*

*Tablet*, we have learned something more about *La Bandera*. He writes concerning it in his issue of June 4th—

The puny journalistic rag which infected the atmosphere for a brief period, was only a miniature news-sheet a few inches square ; it had a short and precarious existence ; and there are perhaps not a dozen persons to-day in Barcelona who remember even its name. It was diabolically anti-Catholic, and, if our memory serves us aright, was run by one of the anarchist-socialist or revolutionary organizations that have played such an evil part in the history of Barcelona. The word *Catolica* was presumably introduced into the title for the same reason that a no-Popery gutter-journal published in Dublin styles itself *The Catholic*. . . .

The editor of *The New Zealand Tablet* met with the quotation first in a local paper in 1896. He promptly made inquiries in Barcelona and learnt the above facts, and in addition that *La Bandera* was condemned, together with other bad newspapers, by the Bishop of Barcelona on July 16, 1883, ten days before the passage about heretics is supposed to have appeared ! So that this extract was actually taken, on the strength of a false title, from an anarchist journal under episcopal interdict and paraded in the Protestant press as an expression of Catholic doctrine. Let us summarize its career, as far as we know it. It first appeared in the south-west of England in 1889, where it was dealt with by Mr. Charles Gatty. Then it turned up two years later in the *Blackpool Gazette* (March 7, 1891), where it was promptly exposed by Mr. J. M. Denvir. Then it travelled out to Victoria, where an Orange pastor published it in the *Maryborough and Dunolly Advertiser* (September 7, 1896). After getting its quietus there at the hands of Father Cleary, now of *The New Zealand Tablet*, it came to life again in 1899, this time in the Colwyn Bay (North Wales) *Weekly News and Visitors' Chronicle*, and was cornered once more and slain in the *Catholic Times*. Now the Protestant Press Bureau is trying to restore its dishonoured existence. We respectfully submit that it is high time that *La Bandera Catolica* was relieved by some younger and fresher mendacity. The inventive genius of the father of lies is surely not exhausted. Meanwhile, what are we to think of the worth of a cause which relies for its support on fictions such as this ?

### The Unity of Catholic Belief.

All Catholics hold that the objective evidence for the truth of Catholicism, when grasped in its entirety, is such as to produce conviction in an unbiassed mind. The Church is the City set upon a Hill, and, given clear weather and the faculty of sight, is obvious to all passers-by who choose to look that way. It is possible, therefore, for an adult, on merely natural grounds, to be so persuaded of the strength of the Church's claims that it would be irrational on his part to reject them. But we hold, furthermore, that in order to maintain his grasp of Catholic truth consistently, and to be able to shape his conduct according to it, such a man must become a Catholic. By receiving Baptism, he enters into a sort of contract with Almighty God, whereby he takes upon himself an additional obligation, beyond the mere dictate of reason, to accept the Church's doctrine, whilst God, on His part, by means of the Sacrament of Incorporation, gives him abundant grace to fulfil this new bond. So that, if he now gives up the faith, he sins not only against reason but against religion. However, not all adults approach the Church exactly in this way. Many, especially among the less-educated, may act on motives which, looked at objectively, are quite inadequate or even mistaken. But once the step has been sincerely taken, the baptized person has no right to go back because, on further reflection, he discovers the inadequacy or error of his reasons for taking it. What he is, in that case, bound by his contract to do is to seek out, by whatever means suited to his intellectual capacity are at hand, other more valid grounds to take their place. It is here that people, who have not fully recognized the nature of Catholic faith, often fail. Our readers may remember that, shortly after the promulgation of the condemnation of "Modernism," a letter appeared in *The Times*, the writer of which said, in effect, that, as he had joined the Church on the strength of a certain interpretation of Newman's Doctrine of Development, now that some doubt was apparently cast upon that interpretation, he would have to consider whether he could honestly remain a Catholic. He seemed to forget the existence of that supernatural bond induced by Baptism, in virtue of which, having found himself mistaken, he was obliged, not to reconsider his position, but the steps which brought him there—to seek, in other words, a more rational way of explaining the faith which was in him.



A more recent and worse case, because the subject has actually quitted the Church, is that of a writer in *The Church Times* for July 17th, who sets out to describe his reversion to Anglicanism in an article entitled "The Way Back." Many years ago, he tells us,

he abandoned his career and his hopes in order to join the Roman Church; and he now humbly ventures to hope that he may make some atonement for that step by giving an outline of the convictions which grew upon him, and made it a matter of religious necessity that he should publicly submit himself again to the Anglican Church.

Now, we cannot allow the claims of this writer to describe to us "the way back," for he gives us no proof of his having really understood "the way there." God's gifts are without repentance, and when He sealed that convert's goodwill by His grace in Baptism, He made it impossible for the recipient to lose the gift of faith, save through some dereliction of duty. This the writer may not have understood, in which case, intellectually, he never was a Catholic. His reason for remaining in the Church was not that sense of obligation to cling to her because she was the true Church, but some theory, as he tells us, of unity, which satisfied his judgment at the time: when that theory seemed untenable, instead of reconsidering and reconstructing it, as he was bound to do, he simply thought the Catholic faith untenable also, and abandoned it. We are the more persuaded that this was the process in that his article shows him never to have realized what Unity of Belief, as one of the Notes of the Church, really means. He seems to require for it a practical identity of intellectual concepts in regard to the articles of faith—a unity manifestly impossible, considering the wide divergence in education and mental powers existing amongst men. No two minds have ever had the same intellectual appreciation of any one fact, whether of science, history, or revelation. Nay, the same mind is constantly varying in its estimates as its powers mature: hence it is commonly said that the study of theology largely consists in getting rid of imperfect or incorrect notions about divine things. Unity of Faith is secured in the Church by the fact that all her children accept on her authority as God's mouthpiece the same objective deposit of doctrine, however varied their individual understanding of it, and are always in the disposition to conform that understanding to any fuller and clearer interpretation of the

deposit she may be inspired to utter. There is nothing to prevent men, who still remain good Catholics, misunderstanding the doctrines of the faith, or even of being ignorant of one or more. But to interpret a doctrine in a sense opposed to the teaching of the Church, and to maintain one's views in spite of her teaching is to fall from Catholic unity. Hence there is little point in the writer's objections. "Catholics," he says,

all accept the same formulæ, but does that involve identity of belief? Did Lord Acton and Cardinal Manning really believe the same thing, even in regard to doctrine formally defined? Anyone who has considerable acquaintance with Roman Catholics could mention the names of men between whose beliefs and those of the present Roman hierarchy in England there is as wide a difference as exists, let us say, between the Bishop of Birmingham and Canon Henson.

If those unnamed Catholics do not believe what our Bishops believe and on the same grounds, they have no right to the title. If Lord Acton rejected any portion of Catholic doctrine which was *de fide*—a thing we are far from crediting—then he too was not a Catholic. The principle is very simple. The pivot of Catholic unity of belief is the acceptance of the whole *depositum fidei* on the authority of the Church. He who deliberately and consciously excepts any point or rests solely on any other motive, no longer belongs to the Church. To liken the chaos of contrary beliefs which exist in the Anglican Church on matters of the most vital importance, such as the Divinity of Christ, the Real Presence, the Sacrifice of the Mass, &c., to the differences which are found among Catholics owing to different degrees of instruction or concerning matters not yet defined, and to leave out of count altogether the wholly diverse principles on which in either case the beliefs are accepted, is, with all respect to the writer in *The Church Times*, a mere darkening of counsel. His article, however, is not without its value as making clear, by contrast, what the Catholic conception of the nature of the gift of faith and its obligations really is.

J. K.

## Reviews.

### I.—THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA.<sup>1</sup>

THAT knowledge is power is everywhere acknowledged, even in work-a-day, unspeculative England. A principle less commonly recognized amongst us is that the library is a power. Without a command of the best books a community must lag behind in education, and take a low intellectual status.

Hence the extreme importance to all of us of the first Catholic Encyclopædia in English that has been published. An English Catholic Encyclopædia must form the chief work of reference in those English Catholic libraries which, some day, let us hope, will become a source of much-needed intellectual power amongst us, and form the training ground of Catholic thinkers and teachers for the teeming millions that use the English tongue. It behoves us therefore to pay serious attention to this great work, and to consider carefully whether it really corresponds with what it professes to furnish us, whether it is what we have a right to expect.

Without shutting our eyes to the imperfections of the volume before us, or to those which have come under our notice in the two previous volumes, during the twelvemonth these have been on our shelves, we may say without fear of exaggeration that, considering the conditions, which the editors have wisely kept before them, the *Encyclopædia* is a decided success, and if completed with the same thoroughness and zeal with which it has been begun, will certainly prove an immense boon to English-speaking Catholics.

We say,—considering the circumstances which the editors have wisely kept before themselves. They have struck a not unhappy mean between the learned and the popular Encyclopædia. They have not attempted to produce a book for savants, but for the ordinary well-educated reader. It is not a bare abstract, embodying the latest conclusions of specialists, nor

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iii., Brownson to Clancy. New York: Robert Appleton Company; London: Caxton Publishing Co. 799 pp. Price, 27s. cloth. 1908.

does it content itself with mere enumerations of authorities. It is didactic, the articles are set forth at a fair length, and with sufficient explanations to enable the average man to follow from beginning to end. At the conclusion of each comes a series of references to larger works, the best and most thorough with which the writer is acquainted. Intrinsically difficult subjects, such as philosophical and theological problems, are faced boldly and discussed thoroughly; there is no affectation of making them obvious to the beginner.

With regard to the contributors, we may also say that the selection seems decidedly satisfactory. They number for this volume 274, and of these something like half appear to be occupied in the higher education of Catholics at seminaries and Universities. Presuming, as we do, that our Encyclopædia should aim at giving us didactic articles, and the opinions commonly received in the Catholic Church, rather than the conclusions of individual savants, a better omen for success could not be desired.

Coming to individuals, first let us mention some distinguished foreigners: Mgr. de Waal (*Catacombs*), Professor Cordier (*China*, a very interesting tractate); Drs. Karl Diettrich, A. M. Boudinhon, M. Spahn; M. Georges Goyau, and Père Besson (*Canons*). The number of writers from this country is very conspicuous: Father Thurston (*Bullarium, Catholic Cemetery, Celibacy, Chalice, Chasuble, &c.*); Mgr. Ward, Drs. Aveling (*Cause*), Barry (*Calvin*), Burton (*Canterbury, Challoner, &c.*); Dom Bede Camm, Dom John Chapman, Fathers Cuthbert (*Capuchins*), Fortescue (*Canon of the Mass*), Maher (*Character*), Gerard (*Chronology*), Keating (*Christianity*), Joyce (*Church*), Rickaby, Zimmerman, &c.; Messrs. Urquhart (*Christendom*), Gardiner (*Catherine of Sienna*), Weale (*Bruges*), Williamson (*Carducci, &c.*), Jenner (*Celtic Church*), have articles of importance; *Christmas* (Martindale), is a model of clear exposition; *Censorship* (Hilgers), will now-a-days be found very useful.

*Canon Law* is referred to *Law*, so there will be time to chronicle some of the changes now being introduced by the reigning Pontiff. In Scripture there are not many headings; the longest and best seems to be that on *Canon of Holy Scripture*, in which Father Reid handles that difficult subject with commendable care and precision. *Campion* is referred to *Edmund*, a doubtful gain. *Christ* is referred to *Jesus Christ*,

so there is comparatively little Dogmatic Theology. The article *Church* is full and clear, but the important topic, *Charity*, as a theological virtue, is frankly disappointing.

The only serious fault, which we have noticed, is the continued duplication of Bernardo Buil, though Father Fita has conclusively shown, in the *Boletin* of the Academy of Madrid, that the alleged Franciscan and Benedictine are really one and the same person, a Minim. The only evident omission seems to be that of Burchart of Strassburg, the much-debated Papal Diarist, who also reduced the rubrics of the Mass to their present form. There are occasional deficiencies in the lists of authorities; for instance, no mention in the article on *Campeggio* of the Studies on the Divorce by Mr. Gairdner in the *English Historical Review*, quite the best things in English on that topic. The article *Catacombs* has no bibliography at all, while *Carmelites* has a column and a half, extremes which might be better avoided.

In reviewing previous volumes, we have commented on the generosity of the space allowed to the Church in America. In the present volume, there is but little room for criticism on this score, though the article *Chicago*, with its full-sized plate of buildings, which do not merit immortality, strikes us as a little exaggerated.

We do not, of course, pretend to have read this volume from cover to cover, and other strong and weak points are sure to come into notice, as the articles and references are submitted to the test of actual use. But we have seen and said enough to show that this volume may and should be warmly welcomed. It is too soon yet to make prophecies about the finished work. But progress has so far been very satisfactory, and if the publication proceeds as it has begun, with the same zeal and care among the editors, the same industry and acumen among the contributors, the appearance of the *Catholic Encyclopædia* will be followed by an upward movement throughout the whole of our religious literature.

## 2.—THE EVOLUTION OF THE MESSIANIC IDEA.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Oesterley is an Anglican clergyman, and his *Evolution of the Messianic Idea* was originally written and accepted as a

<sup>1</sup> By the Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley, D.D. London: Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd. Pp. xiv, 278. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1908.

dissertation for the Cambridge Doctorate of Divinity. Its general drift and tone, as he desires it to be understood, is indicated in the note on the paper covering of the volume, which claims for it that "it comes at an opportune time, when the Modernist movement shows that our old preconceptions have to be abandoned, and the ancient beliefs have to be re-stated in a way in which the modern mind can accept them." What the "modern mind" bars out resolutely, is any conception of revelation the acceptance of which requires the submission of the individual judgment to the dictates of an external authority, and hence the conception of the Catholic Church, which to some extent is still retained even by some of the separatist communions, that God spoke through Jesus Christ, or otherwise, to Apostles and Prophets, and commissioned these to deliver the message to their fellow-men and require their assent to it. And what the "modern mind" proposes to substitute, under the name of re-statement, is the theory that the entire course of human speculation on man's condition and destiny, in its origin and development, though phenomenally it has been an exercise of private judgment, has been under the invisible control and direction of the Divine Spirit, and as such may truly be called a revelation. Dr. Oesterley applies this principle to the history of the Messianic conception, and seeks to prove that, although its matured form, in which it was realized in Jesus of Nazareth, it can be traced back historically to certain crass and materialistic conceptions of which it is the evolutionary outcome, that does not militate against its prophetic truth. We do not gather the nature of an oak from that of an acorn, but the nature of the acorn from that of the oak, the latter witnessing to the potency that was in the former. And similarly we are not rational in denying that there is truth in the subsequent stages of the Messianic conception because we can find none in its original germ; we ought rather to say there is proved truth in the later stages of the growth, and hence there must have been a latent truth in the earlier stages too; and so we must set down the crass and materialistic element in the earliest form as mere envelope enclosing the germ of prophetic truth, in other words as the mere myth or pictorial form in which early man strove to give imperfect expression to the thoughts that were in him.

We shall agree that the main elements in the Messianic conception in its later form were these three, that the Messias



would come as a Saviour to annihilate the powers of evil, to establish a reign of righteousness and peace, and to bestow an enduring happiness on the subjects of His kingdom. Tracing back the development in respect of these three elements, not merely through the periods of which the Old Testament has preserved to us some records, but likewise through the long previous ages of which, as he considers, it has preserved at least some unmistakable indications, Dr. Oesterley finds at the source of the evolutionary stream three corresponding myths, or endeavours on the part of early man to express his thoughts pictorially, the myth that there was some evil power working against him behind the scenes, the myth that there was also some beneficent power which combated the evil power and to which he owed the good things he enjoyed, and the myth that there had been a golden age in the past the return of which might be hoped for in the future. Among different races the myths expressive of these three beliefs took different forms. In the racial family from which the Hebrews were descended they took the form of a primeval monster who became identified with the watery element, of a divine-human hero who saved men from this monster and brought them material blessings, and of a lost paradise. The growing spiritual discernment of the line of Hebrew prophets, gradually piercing through the mythical envelope deeper and deeper into the meaning of the truth encased, perceived that the evil brought into the world by the watery monster was sin, that the blessings brought by the divine-human hero were spiritual rather than material, and that the happiness which had once prevailed and would be restored was likewise spiritual. But the traces of a previous period of belief to be discerned in various words and allusions of Scripture, together with the evidences that these previous materialistic beliefs had not been altogether abandoned even during the recorded periods, show that the original form of the Messianic conception had been grossly materialistic. This is what the author aims at proving to us, but it must not be forgotten that this supposed age-long course of speculation passing out of the materialistic into the spiritual stage is, on the principle above expounded, to be regarded as due to a course of gradual and progressive internal revelation.

The theory is inadmissible for Catholics on account of this false philosophical theory on which it is based, but apart from



that there are some serious criticisms to which as worked out by Dr. Oesterley it is open. It is strange that he does not see how seldom he can cite a certain fact, and how regularly he resorts to pure conjecture, arguing that this "must have been" and that "would have been." Take the following typical passage in illustration:

*If the innate emotion of fear should have induced the belief in the existence of some cruel primeval power . . . in framing his ideas on the subject he could only start from his observation of his surroundings . . . the cruel power must according to his ideas have presented itself to him in some visible form. And the outward things which his dim understanding could connect with this cruel power were very few in number; the choice lay between dry land, water, and sky. But the terrors that existed on land could to a large extent be understood, . . . the sky he probably did not originally think about. . . . There can have been nothing which inspired man with so much terror or which did him so much harm as the element of water.*

Similarly unsubstantial is the exegesis by which he exploits the text of the Old Testament for support. To begin with, we have the names given to the three supposed early myths, "the Tehom-myth, the Jahveh or Heilbringer-myth, and the Paradise-myth," names calculated to breed a false impression in the mind of the unwary reader, who might be led to think that Tehom was in Bible usage a proper name, and to suppose some resemblance between the Bible conception of Jahveh and the God-hero of some Teutonic saga. True, Tiamat in the Babylonian tablets is the water-god, and as vocables the two words are the same, but there is nowhere in the Bible any trace of an attempt to deify or personify, and the word itself means simply the ocean deep. That there is an evil spirit hostile to man, who is sometimes called the serpent in view of the mode of his appearance to Eve, and at other times Satan, is not myth but revealed doctrine consistently declared alike in the Old and the New Testament, as likewise that there is an age-long battle between him and God. In some of the passages cited by the author, in his fifth chapter, it is possible that this spirit and this battle may be dimly referred to, though that is by no means a necessary interpretation. But the mere fact that a serpent, or dragon, should be pictorially represented as a denizen of the water, in no way proves that Satan was regarded as the spirit of the water, still less as identifiable with the water itself, and it is too grotesque to be asked to see this identifica-

tion in such simple and straightforward passages as Isaías li., 9, 10, or Psalm lxxiv. (lxxiii.), where the reference is so evidently to the passing of the Red Sea, or Job xli., where the power of God is exhibited as able to subdue monsters of the land and sea from before which man in his weakness trembles.

But, whilst compelled thus to criticize the author's theory and arguments, we must do him the justice to state that his purpose in the book before us is to defend the doctrine of Jesus, as the Messiah predicted from the beginning.

### 3.—FREEMASONRY IN THE UNITED STATES.<sup>1</sup>

In the volume under review, the editor of that useful little publication *The Catholic Fortnightly Review*, has reprinted a series of articles published in his periodical dealing with American Freemasonry. His aim is to explain why is it that an institution which claims to be purely benevolent, to inculcate the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, to insist on the morality of its members, to be hostile to no creed, but to recognize the good in all, to number, accordingly, amongst its members professors and ministers of every religion (but one) and men of every class, including the highest—why is it that such a widespread, charitable, and well-reputed body should be met with the unceasing and unflinching hostility of the Catholic Church. The answer is contained at length in his pages, but may be summarized thus. The Church condemns Freemasonry because it is *not* what it professes to be; the God it adores is not the God of the Christians, the morality it professes is not that of the Gospel, the revelation it accepts is not that of Christ. And Mr. Preuss is not content with establishing that much, but he goes on to show that the essence of Masonry is mere nature-worship, and that therefore it is opposed not only to revealed but even to natural religion. This indictment is supported by extensive references to standard American Masonic books, the works of two prominent Masons, Dr. A. G. Mackey and Mr. Albert Pike, which are subjected to an acute and exhaustive criticism. If these two men have any claim to speak for their order, then it is beyond doubt that esoteric Freemasonry is all that Mr. Preuss shows it to be, a godless, pagan organization, the kingdom of Satan in this world. No one who has read the two articles published in *THE MONTH* for July and August of

<sup>1</sup> A Study in American Freemasonry. Edited by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis: Herder. Pp. xii, 434. Price, \$1.50. 1908.

last year on the *Real Authors of the Separation* can doubt that this is true of French Masonry. Mr. Preuss seems to establish it, theoretically at any rate, from the books he cites, in regard to the essence of Freemasonry in the States. The problem is to account for the fact that the exoteric Masons, to whom those publications are presumably as accessible as they are to Mr. Preuss, do not immediately disavow connection with the advocates of such a diabolical creed. We recall the words of a prominent English Freemason, the Dean of Gloucester, uttered last year in his Cathedral, when the true nature of the persecution of the Church in France had become apparent. He regretted

that one great division of the Masonic brotherhood had now ranged itself formally and openly with the declared enemies of Christianity, ranking themselves with no mere agnostics, doubters and inquirers, but with the bitter and remorseless foes of the religion which alone can make a country, as it has done our England, free and great and strong. It is the deliberate conviction of grave and thoughtful men that Masonry, a powerful order in France, our well-loved neighbour, is the seat and home of that bitter, relentless infidelity which is working such terrible havoc.

When we think of these words and then read the revelations of Mr. Preuss, authenticated by references to the works of recognized authorities, we are astonished that a protest has not long ago been raised, not merely against such actions as those of the French Masons but against the vile and immoral doctrines unblushingly advocated by the Masons in America. We shall be interested to see what effect this publication of Mr. Preuss' will have amongst the Brotherhood, both there and at home. In the meantime we cannot but recognize the wisdom and foresight which has impelled the Church, in spite of all specious professions of benevolence and protestations of morality, to declare excommunicate any of her children who should join this secret society.

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#### 4.—A TEXT-BOOK OF BIBLE-STUDY.<sup>1</sup>

The appearance of this bulky volume, to be succeeded by another equally large on the New Testament, both but the forerunners of a course three times as long, is a striking indi-

<sup>1</sup> *Theologia Biblica, sive Scientia Historiae et Religionis utriusque Testamenti Catholica.* By Father Michael Hetzenauer, O.C. Tom. I. *Vetus Testamentum.* Freiburg: Herder. Pp. xxxii. 654. Price, 15 fr. 1908.

cation of the continuance and growth of the impulse originally given to Bible-study in the Church by Leo XIII. The learned Cistercian, who has already published a critical edition, not only of the New Testament in Greek, but also of the Latin Vulgate, is excellently equipped for the task he has assumed. The treatise is divided into two practically equal parts, the first concerning the external history of mankind and the Jewish race down to the time of our Lord, and the other the development of the religious idea during that period. After printing a very lengthy list of books on the subject which he has made use of, the author describes in a preliminary chapter the attitude of his treatise towards Modernist doctrines, which, it need hardly be said, is one of uncompromising hostility. Then follows an exposition of the Catholic standpoint in regard to Bible study, in which the recent decisions of the Biblical Commission are employed. The author recognizes degrees in both the conservative and liberal schools of criticism, and ranks himself as a "moderate conservative," so that the reader may feel perfectly secure about the orthodoxy of the positions assumed. The method followed is not that familiar in the more extended *Cursus Sacrae Scripturae*, where the text is critically discussed verse by verse, but, in the historical sections, the several episodes are treated in succession, and, in the history of religion, various points of doctrine, such as God, His names, His character and attributes, creation, etc., are illustrated from the text. The author throughout does not shirk any difficulty, the various non-Catholic and liberal views are stated and criticized with sufficient fulness, and the orthodox position is defended by arguments and proofs logically drawn out. Although no first-hand acquaintance with the various branches of natural science is shown, due regard is paid to the dicta of *virī periti* on their own ground. In the first part the student will find the basis and beginning of ecclesiastical history, in the second the material of systematic theology. Father Hetzenauer has used his immense reading and erudition to produce a really admirable manual or text-book, the first of its kind we have met, and one not soon to be surpassed. It is fully equipped with maps and pictures, reproductions of ancient inscriptions, and historic scenes, &c., and it should play a distinguished part in guiding and fostering devotion to Bible-Study in the Church.

### 5.—THE WONDERS OF LOURDES.<sup>1</sup>

The Editor of the International Catholic Library has fittingly chosen the Jubilee year of the Apparitions at Lourdes to include in his series Dr. Bertrin's well-known work, the eighth edition of which (1905) has been translated into clear and natural English by Mrs. Gibbs. Lourdes is one of the wonders of the age. The cures that occur there so frequently are not, because they cannot be, denied by the most sceptical. The evidence of these fifty years is so explicit and so convincing that to doubt it would be to throw discredit on every sort of human testimony. Divergence begins when men come to the interpretation of the undisputed facts, but Dr. Bertrin has little difficulty in showing that all attempted explanations are insufficient, except that which postulates supernatural agency. After a clear account of the eighteen apparitions vouchsafed to Bernadette between February 11th and July 16, 1858, and a critical examination of all the circumstances, proving the entire absence of fraud or hallucination, the author proceeds to discuss the cures. We could have wished for a more explicit statement as to the date when Lourdes began to be the scene of miraculous healing, but when the episcopal commission, appointed to consider the whole question of the apparitions and their consequences, reported in 1862, it based its decision on seven supernatural cures which occurred in the year 1858 itself. Since that time the wonders have never ceased. Dr. Bertrin considers, one by one, the various theories which unbelievers have put forward to explain the facts—the medicinal qualities of the water, hypnotic suggestion and the unknown forces of Nature. The two former are easily disposed of. Chemical analysis can detect no special healing properties in the water of the miraculous spring, and suggestion, which, under certain conditions, is effective in curing purely nervous disorders, is incapable of healing those which are organic. A more specious but equally fallacious appeal is that to the "unknown forces of Nature." Why ascribe, we are asked, to God's intervention what may perhaps be due to purely natural but hitherto undetected physical agencies? Then, of course, follows the usual reference to the marvels of modern science which seem miraculous to the

<sup>1</sup> *Lourdes: a History of its Apparitions and Cures.* By Georges Bertrin. Translated by Mrs. Philip Gibbs. London: Kegan Paul and Co. Pp. xiv. 296. Price, 7s. 6d. 1908.

uneducated simply on account of their ignorance. The answer to this is two-fold—granting the existence of those forces, why should they operate only at Lourdes and similar shrines, and without the intelligent co-operation of those benefited by them? And secondly, allowing that scientific wonders, such as wireless telegraphy or the Röntgen rays, would have seemed miraculous to a less enlightened age, *we* can see that they contradict none of the laws of nature previously known, but are the effects of a better knowledge of these laws. Whereas the miracles of healing at Lourdes are clearly departures from the ordinary course of nature, if only in the one point of the time taken to effect them. When wounds are healed, by the usual medical processes, time is always required for new tissues to replace those decayed, but at Lourdes the cures are practically instantaneous and generally follow the application of a remedy, cold water, which bears little or no proportion to the effect produced. Our very belief in the uniformity of "Nature"—to use that convenient abstraction for the course of things established by Almighty God—forbids us to suppose a violation of that uniformity, except through the agency of Him who originally instituted it. We are confident, therefore, that no "forces" will hereafter be discovered, in virtue of which the process of healing, for instance, will be different to what it has always been. No one who reads the cases recorded in Dr. Bertrin's book, and attested very often by medical men who are sceptics, can reasonably doubt that "the finger of God is here." Father St. John, in a carefully-worded Preface, rightly emphasizes the fact that the violation of the known laws of "Nature" by the cures at Lourdes debars recourse to "unknown natural forces," otherwise "Nature" would be held capable of contradicting herself, and the very foundations of science would be upset.

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#### 6.—THE TRIBULATIONS OF AN OLD CANON.<sup>1</sup>

In two former volumes which have been noticed in *THE MONTH*, Chanoine Léon Joly has, to use his own phrase, "raised the question of the Missions;" that is to say, the question whether the comparative failure of Catholic Missions to the Far East during the last three centuries has not been due to the neglect of the missionaries to form a native clergy,

<sup>1</sup> *Le Problème des Missions. Tribulations d'un vieux Chanoine. Par le Chanoine Léon Joly. Paris: Lethielleux. Pp. 316. Price, 3 fr. 1908.*



complete in all its degrees, and to entrust to it the care of their converts. He himself unhesitatingly answered this question in the affirmative, and for this he has been condemned in many reviews by writers who have had practical experience of mission work. The present volume is his reply to his critics, and in it he persists in the justice of his contention, and can find no other explanation of the severity with which he has been judged save in that very egotism of the typical missionary which has been the cause of the evil. They abstained, he thinks, from establishing native hierarchies because they did not wish to see the fruit of their labours pass out of their own control, and now they resent the endeavour to hold them responsible for the unfortunate consequences of their false method. It is a very grave charge to bring against men who have abandoned home and country, and so much that men hold dear, for the sake of the mission work; and surely he ought not to have brought it, still less persisted in it, unless he could support it by the most convincing evidence. Yet, so far from doing this, the Canon relies wholly on an inference, or set of inferences. The missionaries could have formed a native clergy had they wished to do so, and hence it must be concluded that they did not wish to do it. And their only conceivable motive for not wishing it can have been their reluctance to lose the control of their handiwork. That is the type in which his reasoning is cast, his only reason for assuming that the missionaries could have formed native hierarchies being that the Apostles of Christ, and the apostles of the European races, were able to form them, and the arm of God is not shortened. Or will he say that he has brought some direct evidence, namely in the chapter in which he contrasts the regular with the secular clergy, to the disadvantage of the former, whom he sets down as always ambitious of rule? But there again he proves nothing, but confines himself to imputing motives, beside which he lands himself in an inconsistency which he strangely fails to see—for the missionaries he classes among the seculars have proved just as incapable of forming native hierarchies as the regulars.

Nor is this all. One cannot but feel that a different spirit pervades this latest work of the Canon's as distinguished from his two previous books. The other two, though the argument seemed open to objection, were written in a fairly amiable tone. But in this volume the writer reveals himself to us as chafing under adverse criticisms, and in his resentment devoting whole



chapters to bitter and palpably inequitable comments on the work of the missionaries, particularly of the Jesuit missionaries, (his chief critic having been a Jesuit writer).

It is a pity, for although he follows a false method in thinking to decide on *a priori* grounds questions which can be decided aright solely through the prolonged teaching of experience, it was a good thing to "raise the question," and might have led to valuable results. No one doubts but that the formation of native hierarchies and the transference to them of the entire charge of the congregations in their respective countries should be the goal of all missionary effort, inasmuch as only when this stage of development has been reached, can it be felt that the religious institutions are put on a stable footing. The task is to bring it about in the face of so many obstacles, but among these obstacles one, and a primary one, is the want of support which the mission work receives from European and American Catholics. It was towards overcoming this obstacle that Leo XIII. directed his efforts, and if Canon Joly would likewise direct his energies to it, or could induce others to do so, he would indeed have done a good work for the missions he has so much at heart.

### 7.—A GROUP OF SPANISH BOOKS.<sup>1</sup>

There are few English readers who can understand Spanish, and the group of Spanish books now lying before us cannot count on much circulation in these parts. Still, it is interesting to know what sort of literature is being provided for Spanish Catholics, and with what kind of practical problems they are confronted. The five volumes before us, all published by Gustavo Gili, of Barcelona, are welcome in this respect. All are solid in their matter, but written in a clear style of popular

<sup>1</sup> 1. San Juan, estudio crítico-exegético sobre el cuarto Evangelio. Por el P. L. Murillo, S.J. Pp. 568. Price, 10 pesetas. 1908.

2. La Cruzada de la Buena Prensa. Por D. Antolín López Peláez, Obispo de Jaca. Pp. 356. Price, 3.50 pesetas. 1908.

3. La Iglesia y el Obrero. Por el P. E. Guitart, S.J. Pp. 296. Price, 2.50 pesetas. 1908.

4. Los Esponsales y el Matrimonio segun la novísima disciplina. Por el R. P. Juan Ferreres, S.J. Second Edition. Pp. 240. Price, 2 pesetas. 1908.

5. Las Cofradías y Congregaciones Eclesiásticas, segun la disciplina vigente. Por el R. P. Juan Ferreres, S.J. Second Edition. Pp. 212. Price, 2 pesetas. 1908.

6. Pensamientos escogidos de Santa Teresa de Jesús. Por P. Jaime Pons, S.J. Pp. 96. Price, 0.50 pesetas. 1908.

exposition, as the purpose for which they are intended required.

Padre Murillo's commentary on St. John is the revision and expansion of a course of lectures given in the Seminario Conciliar at Madrid during the school year 1906-7. It is a bulky volume of 566 pages, 131 of which are given to the questions of authenticity, integrity, historical validity, arrangement, and occasion of writing. All, even those to whom his conclusions are unacceptable, must acknowledge the care with which he examines in these *prolegomena* the points raised by critics such as Bausset, Harnack, Jülicher, and Loisy, and the thoroughness with which he covers the ground. But the feature in the author's treatment which is most striking, is the accuracy with which he grasps the details of the most intricate questions, and the consequent lucidity with which he can state them. The following exposition of a very puzzling passage is an illustration of this.

Ch. xv. vv. 8—11. *When He has come He will convince the world of sin, of justice, and of judgment. Of sin because they did not believe in Me; of justice because I go to My Father, and you shall see Me no more; and of judgment because the prince of this world has been already judged.*

Nor is there here either any reference to an operation performed by the Holy Spirit of Himself only, but of one performed by His instruments and agents whom He has inspired, and who work under His impulse. The work of the Holy Spirit by means of His agents, the Apostles and holy men, will convince the world, that is, the unbelieving Jews, of three things—of sin, of justice, and of judgment; and forthwith Jesus Christ explains the sense of each expression. The sin of which the Jews will be convicted is the sin of unbelief; the justice is the holiness and innocence of Jesus which will be made manifest in the face of the calumnies of the Jews; this justice or holiness of Jesus will be demonstrated by the Holy Spirit who will compel men to see that Jesus has gone to His Father, and is seated at the right hand of the Father never to be seen again by men; the judgment is the prosecution of the devil and the sentence of dethronement and despoliation passed upon him and executed.

Don Peláez in his *Crusade of the Good Press*, strives to convince his Catholic fellow-countrymen of the importance of the press for the defence and propagation of the faith. It is the instrument which is the most effectual of all in corrupting faith and morals, and the anti-clericals have understood its power, and have put their money into it. The Catholics are still blind on the subject in Spain as elsewhere,

and one consequence which the Bishop points out to them is that a single anti-clerical paper is provided with a larger capital than all the Catholic papers of the Peninsula put together. What wonder if it has a corresponding influence. This is the main point, but the Bishop deals with the subject in its various branches, and insists strongly on the good example set by Catholic Germany.

Padre Guitart's *The Church and the Working-man* is mainly historical and shows how solicitous the Church has been from the first for the protection and well-being of the working-classes. Towards the end he tells of the good work done in this cause by the old *gremios*, or, as we should say *guilds*, how they were destroyed by the Revolution, and how the Holy See has tried to restore them.

Of Padre Ferreres's *Espousals and Marriage* we had occasion to speak when writing on the Decree *Ne Temere* a month or two back. It is one of the best treatises on the new law now in force, and gives the previous history of the new system which was of Spanish origin. It is a useful handbook for a priest who can read Spanish to have by him.

Padre Ferreres's other work, on Confraternities and Congregations, is still more technical, and deals largely with questions of precedence, such as do not trouble us in England.

*Select Thoughts of St. Teresa of Jesus* is a tiny booklet in which a collection of the Saint's most striking thoughts are arranged to suit the order of the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius. It would be of help to a Retreat director or Exercitant.

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### 8.—THE TABERNACLE AS IT WAS AND IS.<sup>1</sup>

This posthumous work of Pfarrer Felix Raible has been edited after his death by his friend, Dr. Engelbert Krebs, who also contributes a short but interesting memoir of the author. Copiously illustrated and moderate in price, the volume will no doubt command a very considerable sale. It is pleasantly written, clearly arranged, and it evidently aims at a complete presentment of the subject from the earliest times down to the present day. That the work, which has an excellent double

<sup>1</sup> Der Tabernakel einst und jetzt eine historische und liturgische Darstellung der Andacht zur aufbewahrten Eucharistie. Von Felix Raible. Freiburg: Herder. Pp. xxii., 336. Price, 6.60 marks. 1908.

Index as well as a Bibliography, while, so far as we have seen, it also provides exact references for all statements of importance, will be of very great use to priests and students, cannot for a moment admit of doubt. It is decidedly superior to the treatise of the Abbé Corblet (*Histoire du Sacrement de l'Eucharistie*), which of existing works is perhaps the book most nearly analogous in scope; for Father Bridgett's *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain* is more historical and controversial in character, and limited to the veneration of the Blessed Sacrament in one particular corner of Christendom. It was, then, with very considerable interest that the present writer turned over the pages when the volume was placed in his hands, hoping to find many valuable data to enrich, and if need were, correct the contributions upon the same subject which he has published on different occasions in the pages of this review and elsewhere. We regret to have to record that our examination has resulted in disappointment. Upon the many obscure places in the history of the development of the cultus of the Blessed Sacrament Dr. Raible offers practically nothing which is new. Indeed, he does not even seem to admit the existence of any obscure places, and this, we may confess, is an offence against candour for which we find it rather hard to pardon him. The question of Visits to the Blessed Sacrament will afford a very good example of what we mean. On page 32 Dr. Raible puts the question conspicuously in spaced type: *Did the early Christians practise the "Visitatio SS. Sacramenti" (Visits to the Blessed Sacrament) and pray to our Lord in the Tabernacle?* and to this he answers, equally in spaced type, *Certainly they did.* Naturally, after so plain and explicit a pronouncement, we expect to find something conclusive in the shape of evidence. It is a little disappointing to find that he adduces as his first argument, passages from the early liturgies to show that the Christians in the fifth century believed in the Real Presence, and then draws the conclusion that if they believed in the Real Presence they could not have failed to visit and pray to the Blessed Sacrament when reserved. Unfortunately the learned writer ignores the fact that to the present day devout members of the Orthodox Greek Church, though they fully believe in the Real Presence, pay no cultus to the Blessed Sacrament outside the action of the Liturgy. A "visit" to the Blessed Sacrament is unknown among Russians or Greeks. We do not

mean to give the impression that Pfarrer Raible cites no other evidence for his conclusion, but we must say that, after trying to give the instances alleged the fullest consideration, they seem to us to prove nothing. The very fact that from all the Christian writers of the first thousand years no one has yet produced a clear statement that people went to the church in order to pray before the Blessed Sacrament is surely an argument that cannot lightly be set aside. The circumstance that many times we are told of those who entered a church to pray before the *altar* makes the difficulty greater not less. Why should the altar always be spoken of and never the Body of Christ, and why should a change gradually have begun to set in in the twelfth or thirteenth century which clearly paved the way both to our existing practice and existing modes of expression? There are other things in Pfarrer Raible's volume, excellent as it is in many respects, in which he seems to us to have gone off upon an entirely false tack. We may refer to his treatment of the *Sakramentshäuschen* and his account of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. However, it is an ungrateful task to pick holes in what has evidently been to its much-respected author a labour of no little research as well as of devotion and love.

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#### 9.—THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE SACRAMENTS OF PENANCE AND THE EUCHARIST.<sup>1</sup>

It is long since we came across a more satisfactory little monograph than that which Dr. Gerhard Rauschen has compressed here into the small compass of a couple of hundred pages. We can most cordially recommend it to all who are at all interested in the Church History of the first six centuries, and who possess a sufficient smattering of German to acquaint themselves with its contents. Dr. Rauschen is professor of theology at Bonn, and if his lectures at all closely resemble this printed dissertation, his pupils are certainly to be congratulated on their teacher. We remark in the first place that the author is thoroughly conversant with the most recent literature of the subject of which he treats. Drews, Harnack, Batiffol, Funk, Baumstarck, Vacandard, &c., are all duly, if briefly, introduced

<sup>1</sup> *Eucharistie und Buss-sakrament in den ersten Sechs Jahrhunderten der Kirche.* By Dr. Gerhard Rauschen. Freiburg: Herder. Price, 4 marks. 1908.

to the reader, and their views temperately discussed. Rarely have we come across a theological writer in whom we have found such a complete absence of *parti pris*. We might recommend in particular the section upon the Epiclesis question as an admirable specimen of what theological discussion should be, and from our own study of the subject we entirely endorse the writer's two main conclusions—first that the predominant teaching of the early Church was that the whole consecratory prayer, and not specially the words of institution or the actual epiclesis, were operative in effecting the transubstantiation of the elements, and secondly that we must be on our guard against interpreting the language of the early Fathers in the light of subsequent controversies, and in particular that we must avoid giving too technical a signification to the word epiclesis, or invocation of the Holy Ghost, when we meet it in primitive documents. We are equally at one with Dr. Rauschen in his attitude towards the problems raised by the working of the Sacrament of Penance in the first six centuries. He is, we think, thoroughly justified on the one hand in his conclusion that we may feel confident of the existence of private penance from the beginning, and on the other in admitting frankly that we possess no evidence which proves that it was known then in the precise form in which it is familiar to us now. Let us add that we are thoroughly at one with Dr. Rauschen regarding his remarks upon the very shifting and uncertain conception of deadly sin which meets us, not only in Patristic times, but even down to the later Middle Ages. There can be little doubt that much of the confusion in which the subject is wrapped is attributable to this cause.

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#### 10.—THE BOSWORTH PSALTER.<sup>1</sup>

Expectation has long been rife among scholars regarding the remarkable Psalter discovered some little time since by Abbot Gasquet in the library of Mr. Turville Petre at Bosworth Hall, Leicestershire. The volume now before us does not perhaps entirely exhaust the contributions to our knowledge which these fresh materials may bring, but for all save those who are specially interested in the textual study of the Roman

<sup>1</sup> By Abbot Gasquet and Edmund Bishop. London: Bell. Pp. 190. Price, 15s. net. 1908.



version of the Psalms or in the hymnal of the Anglo-Saxon Church, this account of the contents of the Bosworth manuscript will be found, we think, entirely satisfactory in substance if occasionally a little bewildering in form. So far as regards those matters in which the general public are likely to be mainly interested they are given with admirable conciseness and clearness, chiefly by Abbot Gasquet himself, in Part I., pp. 3—13, and Part III., pp. 126—131. Our readers will no doubt thank us for a brief statement of these conclusions. To begin with, the manuscript, which has now happily passed by purchase into the possession of the British Museum, is an extremely fine folio, measuring nearly 11 inches by 15½, that is to say, its page is as big as that of a volume of the Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum*, and is considerably bigger than that of, say the *Athenæum* or the *Tablet*. As regards execution, it is unquestionably English work. Many of the psalms are accompanied by an interlinear gloss in Anglo-Saxon, which when studied may possibly supply some further help towards a determination of the date. But the style of ornamentation, while very artistic, does not show any great resemblance to that of the Winchester school, which we are accustomed to identify with the influence of St. Æthelwold. The manuscript is perhaps all the more precious because it bears witness to the existence of another artistic tradition contemporary with and possibly older than that of the Winchester books. So far as regards the place of origin, the evidence of the calendar most carefully and exhaustively studied by Mr. Edmund Bishop, points clearly to Christ Church, Canterbury, but there are at the same time traces of the influence of Glastonbury, and this feature, taken with other considerations of date, &c., have led the editors, not without much show of reason, to connect the manuscript conjecturally with the person of St. Dunstan. As they themselves remark :

It is perfectly evident from the unique character and indeed splendour of the Psalter, whether we regard its size, the handwriting or the ornamentation that it must have been written for some great personage. No person connected with Christ Church, Canterbury, would seem to be more likely to have been the possessor of this manuscript so notable in its art and execution than St. Dunstan, the first ecclesiastic of the Kingdom.

Of the Benedictine origin of the Psalter there is the clearest evidence. The Benedictine rule directs that certain



of the psalms are to be broken up in the recitation of the Office, and in the Bosworth manuscript we find these divisions indicated and emphasized by capitals, while in one case the words occur, *Divisio institutionis Benedicti*, the division according to Benedict's rule. Further the canticles used by the Benedictines in the third nocturn are included as well as those ordinarily found in all Psalters, while another most interesting feature is supplied by a complete Hymnarium, which affords an older text than that from which the *Hymns of the Anglo-Saxon Church* were printed for the Surtees Society, now a good many years ago. The text of the Canon of the Mass, a later insertion, does not present any very remarkable features, though the inclusion of the name of St. Euphemia after that of St. Anastasia in the *Nobis quoque peccatoribus* is unusual.

But taking the volume as it stands, by far the most permanently valuable item of its contents, as also much the largest in bulk, is Mr. Edmund Bishop's elaborate study of the calendar contained in the Psalter. As those will know who have examined at all closely the English *Menology*, edited by the late Father Stanton, or who have used Mr. Bishop's manuscript collections, now deposited at the British Museum, there is probably no man in Europe more qualified to deal as an expert with this particular subject. Moreover, Mr. Bishop has added considerably to his previous materials by taking account of St. Willibrord's calendar in the Epternach codex at Paris, of the old English Martyrology re-edited by Herzfeld, of the calendar of CEngus, and especially of Dom Quentin's invaluable study of the sources of the later Martyrologies. We hope that an opportunity may offer of discussing more in detail some of the points here raised by Mr. Bishop, but space fails us in a review like the present. A word should be said in praise of Mr. L. A. Toke's Appendix on the birth-date of St. Dunstan, and we may further express our gratitude for the four excellent *facsimiles*, even though the scale of reproduction is perhaps unnecessarily small. The least successful part of the volume is the typography, the shortcomings of which cannot be entirely due to the difficulties of the subject. It is curious to find the Prefatory Note dated May 1, 1907, for it seems to speak of the work as then already complete, though Dom Quentin's work, and other books utilized, did not appear until later. Perhaps we should read 1908.

## Short Notices.

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FATHER CAMPBELL, S.J., is careful to state that his record of **Pioneer Priests of North America, 1642—1710** (Fordham University Press, \$1.60), does not embrace all the pioneer priests, nor extend to the whole territory of that section of the New World. "The first Missionaries among the Iroquois," would perhaps have been a more correct, if less sonorous, title, but under any name these eighteen biographies could not fail to arouse in the reader the deepest admiration of the heroic courage displayed by the early missionaries. The Iroquois, or Five Nations, seem to have occupied the territory around the St. Lawrence, going as far south as the modern State of New York. As Canada was then in French hands, the early missionaries were all Frenchmen or members of the French Province of the Society. Many met their death at the hands of the savages, nearly all were more or less grievously tortured. The narratives are founded largely on the famous "Relations," or accounts of their experiences sent by the missionaries to their religious Superiors. Much interesting information about the aboriginal inhabitants of the States and the first settlers is given, and the book is adorned by many portraits and pictures. The astonishing growth and prosperity of the Church in America at the present day is the fruit of the labours of these heroic apostles, although the savages, for whose welfare they toiled and suffered, were ultimately all but annihilated in the unending warfare that made their chief occupation. The volume is handsomely turned out, and is a credit to the University Press; the addition of a map and an Index, however, would have greatly increased its utility.

On the first appearance of Dr. Copleston's **Buddhism, Primitive and Present, in Magadha and Ceylon** (Longmans, 10s. 6d. net), in 1892, we discussed it in an article,<sup>1</sup> which paid due recognition to the Bishop's qualifications to be an exponent of the system, and to the success he attained in his efforts to make his treatment of it both popular and scientific. Since then he has been transferred from the diocese of Colombo to that of Calcutta, but that his interest in Buddhism has not ceased with his more exalted and responsible position, is shown by a reissue of his work, which is not a mere second edition but is practically a new book, embodying the results of the study of sixteen years, and greatly altered and improved in arrangement. We need not repeat what we advanced before, viz., that Buddhism, owing no duties to an external Deity, is not strictly speaking a religion, but is a mere moral code of human invention, and not even the loftiest amongst its class. This is practically the Bishop's conclusion, who, while admitting all that is praiseworthy in the system, is not blind to its inherent defects. The reader will find in these scholarly pages a full and discriminating analysis, which will show amongst other things how foolish

<sup>1</sup> THE MONTH, May, 1893.

is the rationalist attempt to derive Christianity from Buddhism on the strength of the similarity of a few moral precepts.

No compilation is better known or more indispensable to Theologians than Denzinger's *Enchiridion Symbolorum Definitionum et Declarationum de rebus fidei et morum* (Herder, 6.25 fr.). In it he finds cited and classified all the decrees of the Holy See, whether definitions of faith, explanations of the divine law, or merely ecclesiastical enactments, which are necessary for his studies and teaching. This labour-saving volume has existed since 1854, in a series of editions, growing of course, always in extent. That before us is the tenth, and those concerned with its appearance have laboured to increase its utility and improve its arrangement in every way. It not only includes the important documents of the last ten years, but it has been thoroughly revised and rearranged, printed in clearer and more varied type on a larger page, and provided with a much fuller apparatus of dates, titles, and references. The chief care of the editor, the Rev. Clemens Bannwart, S.J., has been to reproduce the genuine texts with all possible accuracy, so every single quotation has been compared with the most authentic original. Many citations hitherto relegated to Appendices have been incorporated in their proper places, and others of less importance or of less authority have been omitted. This has necessarily resulted in a change in the marginal reference-numbers, but the old ones are inserted in brackets at frequent intervals, so that there is no difficulty in tracing references to former editions. There are nearly 3,000 more quotations than in the ninth edition, and over a hundred more pages. In addition to various typographical devices designed to make reference more easy, we have in a fuller form the "Index systematicus" which has appeared in former editions, and two new Indexes of great value—an "Index Chronologicus Documentorum et Materialium," and an "Index Alphabeticus Nominum et Rerum." In short, the new "Denzinger" is so far superior to all previous issues, that it must necessarily replace them in all theological libraries and in the hands of all serious students. The editor gracefully associates with his own great and fruitful labours, not only certain of his own religious brethren, but the name of Father Reginald Walsh, O.P., of Rome, who assisted him greatly in providing documents and giving advice.

The absence of the Christian ideal in modern industrial life has produced two marked effects, the combination of the workers amongst themselves to protect their interests against employers and the growing interference of the State to the same end. *The Worker's Handbook* (Duckworth, 3s. 6d. net), by Gertrude Tuckwell and Constance Smith, has been written for the benefit of those of the labouring classes who are ignorant of their own rights and duties, or made too apathetic by the dead weight of custom to look after their own welfare. The various regulations which have been made by Parliament and local bodies to secure safety in working and a decent living wage are carefully explained, and furthermore, instruction is given as to other laws not less necessary for physical well-being, the laws of health. Hence the division of the book into *The Worker in Childhood*, *The Worker at Home*, *The Worker at Work*, *The Worker in Sickness and Want*, and *The Worker as Citizen*. The authoresses are not advocates of any theory, but treat society as it is. They rightly come to the conclusion that voluntary self-sacrifice on the part of the individual is constantly necessary for social well-being; the experience of ages has shown that only the conscientious practice of Christianity can secure that self-sacrifice as a permanent habit.

Mr. James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., of New York, has reached a deserved eminence as a contributor to Catholic Apologetics. Naturally, his work lies mainly in the direction of his own profession, and he has done much to prove what all unprejudiced minds recognize, viz., that there is no necessary opposition between religion and science, and that so far from the Church having condemned or checked scientific investigation, most of the progress made is due to her devoted sons and sympathetic rulers. In *The Popes and Science* (Fordham University Press, \$2) he narrates another section of the story so convincingly told in *Makers of Modern Medicine*, and *Catholic Churchmen in Science*, a story which ought to (but which will not) deprive the Protestant Alliance of much of its stock-in-trade. But his work will be illuminating to many of the orthodox as well, who, through constant reiteration of ancient lies, have come to believe them or to think that they may have some foundation. Dr. Walsh's researches have made it clear that the Heads of the Catholic Church, at any rate during the Middle Ages and down to our own time, have been the munificent and enlightened patrons of science as well as literature. It may be vain to hope that the tide of misrepresentation will henceforth cease to flow, but Dr. Walsh has made it impossible for any candid historian to repeat the old calumnies. We are glad to note that further volumes on the same prolific theme may be expected from his hands and those of collaborators. Meanwhile, the present may be cordially recommended to all honest inquirers.

We are sorry we cannot say much in favour of *A Maiden Up To Date* (Sands, 6s.), a novel by Miss Geneviève Irons. The story, which deals in a rather crude and simple fashion with the theme of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's *Out of Due Time*, viz., liberal theology and projects of corporate reunion, is disfigured by being made the vehicle of what can only be construed as an attack on the practice of employing religious women in our elementary schools. The fact that an orthodox Catholic, such as the general tone of Miss Irons' book shows her to be, could adopt such an attitude in the present crisis, when the enemies of our religion are doing their best to deprive Catholic education of the priceless asset of our great teaching Congregations, suggests, in the absence of any other conceivable grounds, the reckless ventilation of some personal grievance. What adds to the folly of this conduct is that the authoress has chosen the title of a Congregation actually existing for that which she thinks fit to castigate. We are willing to think that Miss Irons neither knew this nor realized the possible consequences of her unwise strictures; all the same, the book on this account is quite spoiled for Catholic use. Exception might also be taken to the fashion in which the chief actors, French and English, in the late projects for reunion are caricatured, and the unsympathetic descriptions of the advanced Anglican position.

To include the whole of Philosophy—Logic, Psychology, Ethics, and Metaphysics—in one volume, and supplement it with a fairly full history of the subject, is a performance of considerable merit. It was made the easier for Père G. Sortais in that his recent *Manuel de Philosophie* (Lethielleux, 9 fr.) is an abridgment of his *Traité de Philosophie*, in two large volumes of about 1,000 pages each. The *Manuel* is about half that size, yet so lucid are its explanations and arrangement, so exact its definitions and so well-chosen its illustrations, that it reads like an original treatise. Of course the student will not be content with the *Manuel*, but it should prove invaluable in giving means for a rapid survey of the whole matter. The History of

Philosophy, so important for the right understanding of various theories, seems to be especially well done.

To the same author we owe *Etudes Philosophiques et Sociales* (Lethielloux, 3.50 fr.), a collection of Essays on various subjects, such as *L'intolérance de l'Eglise*, *Exposé et réfutation du Kantisme*, *L'Art et la Science*, which show wide reading and keen observation.

The *St. Nicholas Series of Beautiful Books* (Macdonald and Evans, each 2s. net) is growing steadily. Since our last issue we have received three more—*Vittorino da Feltre*, by a Sister of Notre Dame; *St. Thomas of Canterbury*, by Father R. H. Benson; and *The Man's Hands*, by R. P. Garrold, S.J. What with the present biography and the play founded on his career, which we noticed in a recent number, Vittorino, "The Prince of Teachers," should become better known to English readers. The story of his life is full of interest and edification, and is gracefully and fittingly told by a member of a famous teaching Congregation.

As aptly chosen is the biographer of St. Thomas, Father Benson, whose knowledge of the struggles of the Church in later times of English history enables him to write with much sympathy and insight of the troublous reign of the second Henry, and to indicate many historical parallels. He points out the true lesson of the life and death of St. Thomas—that God's claims are distinct from, prior to, and higher than the claims of Cæsar. The picturesque career of the Saint, full of adventure and changing incident, is set forth with all the writer's descriptive power.

Two of the Rev. Mr. Garrold's three stories, *The White Road* and *The King's Visit*, originally appeared in *THE MONTH*, where they excited much admiration on account of the wealth of imagination and the delicate humour and pathos which marked them. The same qualities are present in *The Man's Hands*, so that the three make an *ensemble* of quite exceptional excellence.

It is, no doubt, a difficult matter to find six episodes in each of these volumes which shall lend themselves to illustration and yet be evenly distributed throughout the book; so difficult, indeed, that the attempt would seem to have been given up, for many pictures are inserted very remote from their letterpress. A point more capable of being regulated is that the artist should conform as much as possible to the costume of the period or the occasion, and to the details of the incidents recorded. If this had been attended to we should not have, in the last volume, the Abbot attending choir-practice attired in a cope, or Father Southwell depicted with hands in their normal condition, whereas the text tells us they were wholly shrouded in bandages. It is by their standard of illustration that these "Beautiful Books" are most liable to be judged, and no pains should be spared to maintain a high ideal.

The author of *Histoire du Clergé de France pendant la Révolution de 1848* (Bloud, 3 fr. 50), viz., M. Henri Cabane, aims at filling a gap in the ecclesiastical history of his country, special studies having already appeared on the attitude and fortunes of the clergy during the other revolutionary epochs in French politics. This particular period of ten months, dating from the fall of Louis Philippe to the election of Louis Bonaparte, is conspicuous from the fact that then the Church, so far from being attacked and despoiled, was actually fostered and made use of in the endeavour to unite the two ideas of Religion and Liberty. M. Cabane traces, with all necessary *pièces justificatives*, the detailed history of these ten months, at

the end of which the Church found herself for the first time in France face to face with a definitely-constituted republican regime instead of the provisional governments she had hitherto to deal with. In the light of present events, the student of the philosophy of history will find M. Cabane's book highly instructive.

The pride and ignorance of man are ever employed in the vain task of explaining this world without reference to the next, of regulating human existence without taking count of origin and destiny. To combat this age-long but still prevalent error, M. Maurice Sérol, of the *Revue de Philosophie*, has written a severely logical treatise—*Le Besoin et le Devoir Religieux* (Beauchesne, 2.50 fr.)—in which he, by an appeal to reason, history, and experience, shows that religion is the one solvent of human problems and the one mainstay against human corruption. He takes opportunity, whilst stating the true, to expose and demolish the many false theories of life which unbelievers have suggested. The volume is the seventh of a useful *Bibliothèque Apologétique*.

*Les Terreurs de l'An Mille* (Bloud, 1.00 fr.), by Frédéric Duval, is a work of small compass but of immense erudition and research. It is a critical examination of the constantly repeated assertion of historians that at the close of the tenth century, there was a universal expectation throughout Christendom of the end of the world and that in consequence all human activity practically ceased. Historians hostile to the Church go on to state that this common belief was exploited by the clergy, so that the Church grew enormously rich through the numberless donations which terror of the judgment caused to be made. M. Duval shows by documentary evidence of all sorts, that there was no such general expectation, that texts which seem to support it have been wrongly interpreted or wrongly dated, and that war and commerce, religion and pleasure, and all human enterprises were pursued during the fatal year with no less activity than before. The legend would probably never have got vogue if it had not been considered a convenient weapon to attack the Church with, and M. Duval's labours have been well expended in overthrowing it definitely.

M. Alice Heins, a Tertiary of the Order, has told once again the sweet and simple *Story of St. Francis of Assisi* (Burns and Oates, 2s. 6d.), which never loses its attraction and power for good. We learn from Father Cuthbert's Preface that it is intended chiefly for young people, but we trust it will not be confined to them. The lesson of a life of utter selflessness cannot be too often read and pondered.

The Rev. Father G. Van Noort, of Warmond in Holland, continues the series of theological text-books, two volumes of which we noticed in December last, by issuing the important treatise, *De Gratia Christi* (Langenhuisen, 1.50 fr.). The question of Grace, one of the most fascinating in all theology, is also one of the most controverted because it treats of the relations of the supernatural to the natural. Father Van Noort sets forth the Church's teaching with great clearness and describes the various moot points with due regard to every view.

Those who wish to get a clear idea of the claims of the extreme High-Church party should read the Rev. F. Claude Kempson's *The Church in Modern England* (Pitman, 2s. 6d. net), which is a study of present-day Anglicanism, in itself and in its relations to the rest of Christendom. The author, in whose "apologetic" work—*The Future Life and Modern Difficulties*—we lately found much to praise (THE MONTH, January, 1908),



assumes as beyond doubt the identity of the present English Church with that founded by St. Augustine. Holding that position, he does not shrink from its logical consequences. We are told, for instance, that we, *nous autres Catholiques*, really belong, by Baptism and domicile, to the Church of England, and that our clergy, were Anglican diocesan synods revived, should be summoned to attend them: "obedience to the summons would purge their schism and disobedience." Thus, we see, it is not "the Mass that matters" to Mr. Kempson and his friends; *he* finds no difficulty in accepting even Transubstantiation; but what they cannot stomach is the *de jure* Primacy of Rome. "The merits of that claim are *the* issue."<sup>1</sup> We can well understand how books like these, which aim at recovering for the English Church practically all that was abandoned at the "Reformation," must annoy the genuine Protestant whose *raison d'être* they threaten to destroy. But there is little cause for alarm. Though using the smallest-meshed net he could find, Mr. John Kensit has lately been able to include in his Ritualistic "Black List" only 6,000 odd out of the 30,000 clergy of the Establishment, as tainted with "Roman" doctrine.

The intellectual condition of those who reject the doctrinal authority of the Holy See and yet, in the present welter of religious belief, wish to remain orthodox, is not to be envied. To whom are they to turn for guidance? The oracles of the Anglican Church are dumb. "The stammering lips of ambiguous formularies" utter no refutation of the heresies of Modernism. It behoves those who can, or think they can, to help those who cannot help themselves. In this spirit Mr. Hakluyt Egerton publishes his *Liberal Theology and The Ground of Faith* (Pitman, 3s. 6d. net), which is described as "Essays towards a Conservative Re-Statement of Apologetic." Despite his good intentions, Mr. Egerton does not impress one as a reliable guide. Not that we are in need of him, having the infallible Church to direct us; which makes us, too, the less concerned with exposing his defects in detail. But we find in his essays much of that vague writing which is characteristic of the New Theology he opposes, and which is the necessary result of the absence of any sound and consistent philosophy at the back of it. Argument and exposition cannot help being obscure when new terms are invented and new definitions framed by each successive disputant. What, for instance, are we to make of statements like this—"Sin is one form of the contradiction of Nature against man"?<sup>2</sup>

Père P. Lejeune, of Charleville, has published *Vers la Vie Eucharistique* (Lethielleux, 0.30 fr.), a little book of discourses on Daily Communion, and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament generally.

*The Daily Companion, for the use of Religious* (Washbourne, 1s.), is a compilation of prayers and practices having reference to the daily life of the cloister.

*The Licensing Bill: Sir Thomas Whittaker's "Facts and Arguments" examined*, by F. E. Smith and Ernest E. Williams (King and Sons, 6d.), has no doubt a moral aspect, on which ground alone it could claim notice here. But this is so mingled with what is purely political and commercial that we find it hard to envisage it by itself. As Sir Thomas Whittaker is not identified with the cause of Temperance, we may freely allow that his opponents seem to refute many of his assertions. At the same time, we should like to see his defence before proceeding to a final judgment.

Of a recent batch of C.T.S. penny pamphlets, three are biographical,

<sup>1</sup> P. 204.

<sup>2</sup> P. 137, note.



viz., **St. Bonaventure**, by Father Thaddeus, O.F.M., **A Mohawk Maiden**, by Alice Howarth, and **The Venerable James Fenn**, by John B. Wainwright; two by Father Bearne are "apologetic" in the guise of fiction, **The Atheist's Grandson** and **James Brown, Socialist**; four, under one aspect or another, deal with theology, e.g., **Faith**, by the Bishop of Newport, **The New Marriage Laws**, by the Rev. T. Slater, S.J., **The Magnificat, its author and meaning**, by M. N., and **The Powers and Origin of the Soul**, by the Rev. P. M. Northcote. **How I became a Catholic**, by Dr. George J. Bull, is a candid and simple narrative of the religious experiences of one who, starting as a Low-Church Irish Protestant, drifted into Unitarianism and infidelity, and then, strange as Protestants would think it, through reading the New Testament, was gradually brought to recognize the Catholic Church as the Church of Christ. **Personality, a word for Educators**, translated by Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J., from the French of M. E. Hérlilier, reminds teachers of some essential facts of Psychology. **Some Debts Science owes to Catholics**, by Professor Windle, is a useful tract to give to those who repeat the parrot-cry that the Church is opposed to science. Lastly, **The Use of the Pen, Practical hints on letters to the Press**, by John Hannon, B.A., gives a racy and helpful enumeration of the faults to be avoided and the virtues aimed at in newspaper controversy.

Something akin to the publications of the C.T.S. are the **Sound Readings for Busy People**, of which the Rev. James M. Hayes, S.J., of Chicago, is the editor. These, however, are published in large quarto, and contain a selection of short paragraphs, taken from every available source and consisting of matter calculated to instruct and interest Catholics.

**The English Ritual Explained** (Washbourne, 2s. 6d.), by the Rev. W. Dunne, B.A., is a sort of running commentary on the various prescriptions of that modification of the *Rituale Romanum* which is in use amongst us here. It should prove exceedingly useful not only to those who are preparing for the priesthood but also to priests engaged on the mission, for experience shows that many details of observance are apt to be lost sight of, if memory is not refreshed from time to time by recourse to authorities.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

### From the Authors:

THE BOSWORTH PSALTER: By Abbot Gasquet and Edmund Bishop.  
Pp. 190. Price, 15s. net. 1908.

### Beauchesne et Cie., Paris:

LE BESOIN ET LE DEVOIR RELIGIEUX: By Maurice Sérol. Pp. 216.  
Price, 2.50 fr. 1908.

### Bloud et Cie., Paris:

HISTOIRE DU CLERGE DE FRANCE PENDANT LA REVOLUTION DE 1848: By Henri Cabane. Pp. 252. Price, 3.00 fr. 1908. LES TERREURS DE L'AN MILLE: By Frédéric Duval. 2me. édit. Pp. 94. Price, 1.00 fr. 1908.

*Burns and Oates, Ltd., London :*

THE STORY OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI : By M. Alice Heins.  
Pp. viii, 80. Price, 2s. 6d. 1908.

*Duckworth, London :*

THE WORKER'S HANDBOOK : By G. Tuckwell and C. Smith. Pp. xii,  
252. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1908.

*From the Editor :*

ŒUVRES DE ST. FRANÇOIS DE SALES. Tome xv. (Lettres : vol. v.).  
Edited by J. J. Navatel, S.J. Pp. xiv, 468. Price, 8 fr. 1908.

*Fordham University Press, New York :*

PIONEER PRIESTS OF NORTH AMERICA, 1642—1710 : By the Rev.  
T. J. Campbell, S.J. Pp. xiv, 334. Price, \$1.60. 1908. THE  
POPES AND SCIENCE : By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D. Pp. 400.  
Price, \$2.00 net. 1908.

*Herder, Fribourg and St. Louis :*

ENCHIRIDION SYMBOLORUM, etc. : Auctore H. Denziger. 10th Edition,  
corrected and enlarged by C. Bannwart, S.J. Pp. xxviii, 628. Price,  
5 marks. 1908.

*Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., London :*

LOURDES : A HISTORY OF ITS APPARITIONS AND CURES : By Georges  
Bertrin. Translated by Mrs. Philip Gibbs. Pp. xiv, 296. Price, 7s. 6d.  
1908.

*King and Son, London :*

SIR T. WHITTAKER'S "FACTS" AND "ARGUMENTS" EXAMINED  
(*The Licensing Bill*, 1908) : By F. E. Smith, M.P., and E. E. Williams.  
Pp. 90. Price, 6d. 1908.

*Langenhuisen, Amsterdam :*

DE GRATIA CHRISTI : By G. Van Noort. Pp. 216. Price, 2s. 10d.  
1908.

*Lethielleux, Paris :*

ÉTUDES PHILOSOPHIQUES ET SOCIALES : By Gaston Sortais. Pp.  
viii, 432. Price 3.50 fr. 1907. VERS LA VIE EUCHARISTIQUE :  
By Père P. Lejeune. Pp. 92. Price, 0.30 fr. 1908.

*Macdonald and Evans, London :*

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